

MARCH • 1942 VOL • 2 • NO • 3

Shadow

COMICS



INTRODUCING—
THE WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS COMIC

LITTLE NEMO!

THE SHADOW and the GHOST FLEET
NICK CARTER in MONKEY MURDER
NEW! SUPERSNIPE - A RIOT!



The Editors Page



● This month we introduce two new characters. First, *Little Nemo*, who is the world's most famous comic character. Your father and mother will remember reading about Little Nemo. Books have been published on his adventures. The movies have featured him. Now Little Nemo is back again. Read it carefully and let us know what you think of it.

Then comes *Supersnipe*. This is the boy who has read too many comic books. That is a funny thing for us to write about—but there's a lot of fun in the little fellow who has come to believe he can do all the wonderful things the comic characters depict. Next month he has a perfectly marvelous adventure!

We are always happy to hear from our readers, and we're anxious to know just what you think of the Shadow Comics. The Shadow Comics has grown issue by issue, until today it is one of the very largest comic magazines in America.

THE EDITOR



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THE SHADOW COMICS

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THE SHADOW

PROTECTS HIS COUNTRY
AGAINST THE EVIL
PLOTS OF THE BUND
ON THE

GHOST FLEET!



VERNON V.
GREENE



IN PRIVATE
LIFE THE
SHADOW IS
LAMONT
CRANSTON,
POPULAR
CLUB MAN,
A FACT
SUSPECTED
ONLY BY HIS
SECRETARY,
MARGO LANE

THINGS HAVE
BEEN VERY
QUIET
LATELY,
LAMONT.

TOO QUIET, MARGO.
I BELIEVE THAT THE
RINGLEADERS OF THE
BUND, KURT SCHORN AND
FREDA LUHN ESCAPED
ALIVE. LOOK AT
THIS LETTER!



THIS WRITER OFFERS FACTS ABOUT THE BUND, BUT ONLY SIGNS HIMSELF G.X.

STAY HERE IN CASE HE CALLS, MARGO. I'M GOING TO SEE COMMISSIONER WESTON.

NO, MR. CRANSTON ISN'T HERE -- YOUR NAME IS OTTO GLENRICH? -- YOU HAVE IMPORTANT DATA FOR HIM? YES, I'LL STOP BY!

GLENRICH MUST BE GX, THE MAN WHO KNOWS ABOUT THE BUND! I'D BETTER CHECK ON HIM.. YES, HERE'S HIS NAME IN THE PHONE BOOK!



NOW TO LEAVE A NOTE FOR LAMONT, TO TELL HIM WHERE I'VE GONE.

HURRYING, MARGO FAILS TO SEE

THERE GOES THE LANE GIRL. NOW TO GET UP TO THAT OFFICE!

THIS IS FRED--YES, KURT SHE'S OFF TO GLENRICH'S. I'M TAKING THE NOTE SHE LEFT FOR CRANSTON.



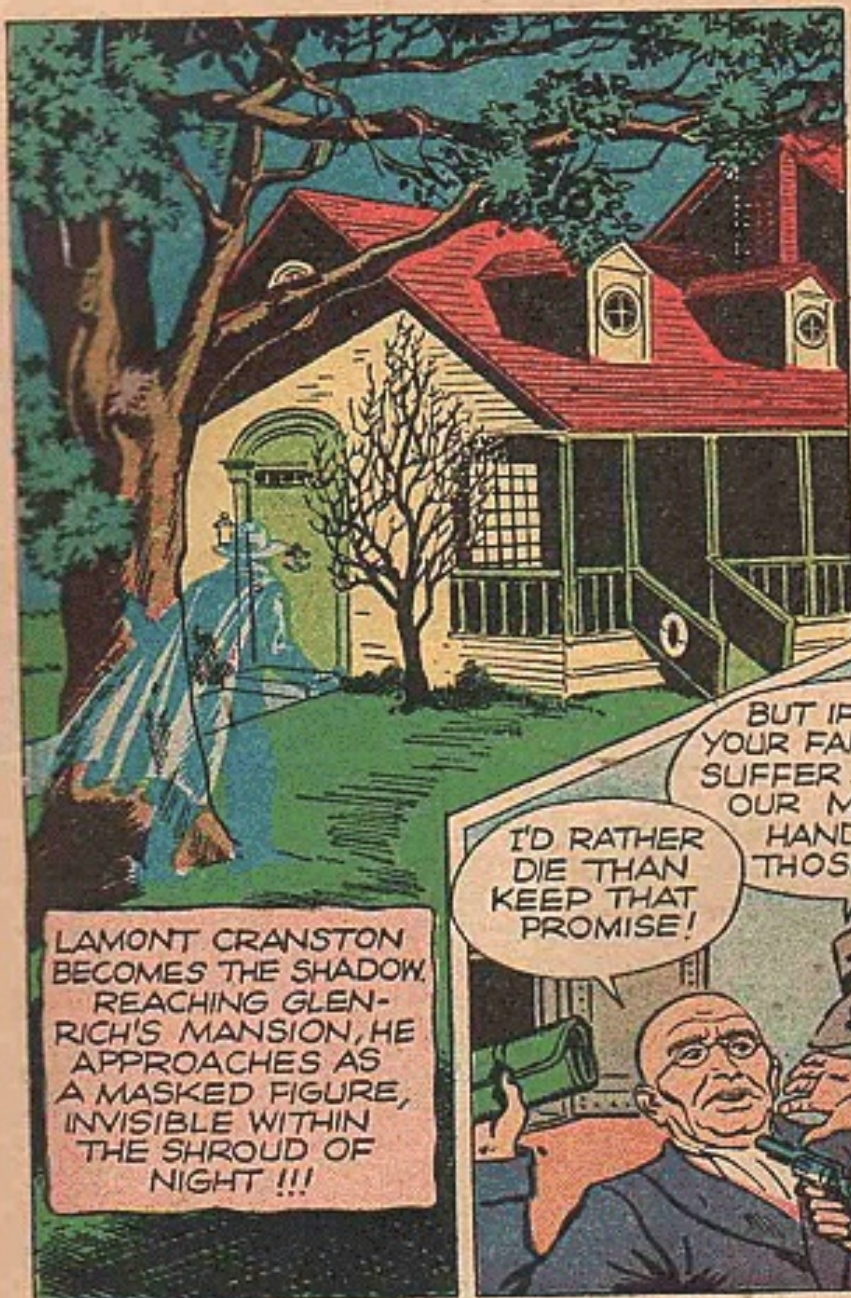
CRANSTON RETURNS
ODD THAT MARGO DIDN'T LEAVE A NOTE
AH! THIS TELEPHONE CORD MAY HELP.

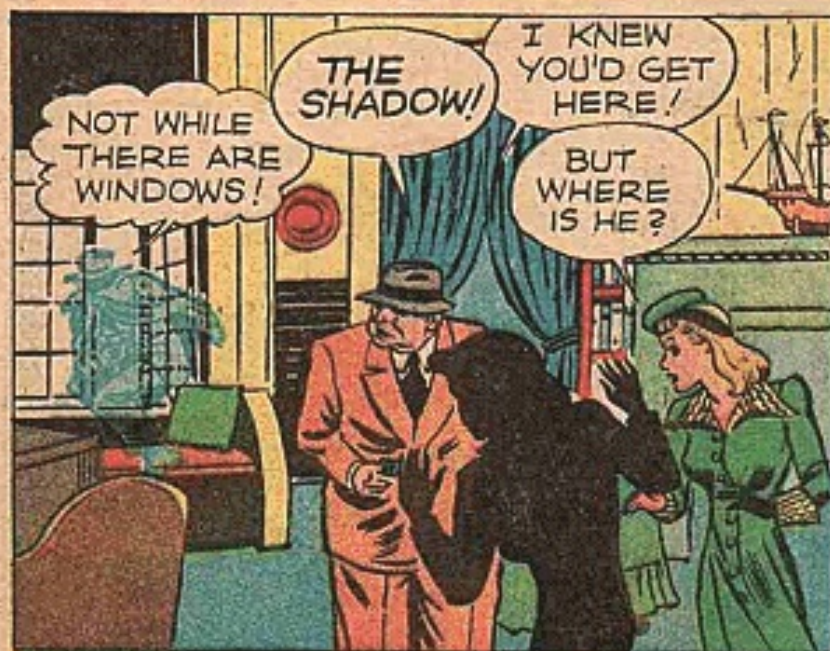
NICE OF MARGO TO CLOSE THE PHONE BOOK ON THE CORD AFTER LOOKING UP A NUMBER. I'VE FOUND THE PAGE--

AND HERE'S THE NAME SHE LOOKED AT! HER FINGER NAIL MADE A DENT BESIDE IT!

HELLO. MR. CRANSTON CALLING. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO MR. GLENRICH. HELLO-- CUT OFF!







TOO LATE, SHADOW!
WE'RE GOING OUT
THROUGH GLENRICH'S
SECRET EXIT, TAKING
MARGO WITH US - YOU
CAN'T RISK A SHOT!



TRYING TO
SCARE ME,
SHADOW?
ZING



GRAB SCHORN!
I'LL GET HIS
GUN---

LOOK OUT!
MARGO!



WITH A QUICK SNATCH OF THE RUG, THE SHADOW
SAVES MARGO, BUT THE BUND LEADERS ESCAPE

HURRY, KURT!
THROUGH
HERE!

QUICK!
FREDA IS GETTING
SCHORN AWAY!



AS THE SHADOW SPRINGS TO
AIM, THE PANEL CLOSES! ----

SOLID STEEL!
GLENRICH PRO-
VIDED TOO
WELL!

PING

THIS SWITCH
WON'T WORK
THE PANEL!

THEY'VE BOLTED IT FROM
THE OTHER SIDE. COME
ON. WE MAY HAVE TIME
TO HEAD THEM OFF.

THE SECRET
EXIT MUST HAVE
LED THE OTHER
WAY. NO CHANCE
TO STOP THEM
NOW!

THERE
THEY
GO!

ARRIVING ON THE VERANDA, THE SHADOW
AND MARGO ARE TOO LATE TO HALT SCHORN
AND FREDA WHO FLEE IN A CAR FROM
BEHIND THE HOUSE ---

ANOTHER MILE,
FREDA, AND WE'LL
SWITCH FROM THIS
CAR TO ANOTHER!

BUT WON'T THE
SHADOW TRACE
US THROUGH
THOSE PAPERS
YOU TOOK FROM
GLENRICH?

THESE? NEVER!
NO ONE KNEW THAT
GLENRICH HAD THEM
THEY'LL BE INVALU-
ABLE TO OUR CAUSE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BUGGY BOSS, BUT THE BUGS HAVE FLEW!

WHAT NEXT, LAMONT?

I'LL GO BACK TO GLENRICH'S. THE COMMISSIONER WILL BE THERE BY THIS TIME!

IN SHREVIE'S CAB, THE SHADOW AND MARGO FIND THE CAR THAT THE BUND LEADERS ABANDONED.

YOU CAN STOP IN AT GLENRICH'S LATER, MARGO.

VERY WELL, LAMONT,

LATER AT GLENRICH'S YOU BELIEVE, WESTON, THAT KURT SCHORN IS STILL ALIVE?

YES. A SERVANT RECOGNIZED HIM. SCHORN MURDERED GLENRICH AND RIFLED THE SAFE.

HELLO MARGO. COME IN - THE COMMISSIONER IS STILL TRYING TO CRACK THE GLENRICH MURDER!

LOOK AT THIS SHIP MODEL, CRANSTON! SOME ONE MUST HAVE SHOT IT OFF THE MANTEL!

ANY THEORIES, LAMONT?

LATER, MARGO

IT PROVES THERE WAS A STRUGGLE HERE. BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHY SCHORN MURDERED GLENRICH, NOR WHAT HE STOLE FROM THE SAFE!

WE'RE ALONE, LAMONT. WHY DID SCHORN MURDER GLENRICH?

BECAUSE OF SHIPS, THE ONE THING ON GLENRICH'S MIND. THE THEME DOMINATES THIS HOUSE FROM THE KNOCKER ON THE FRONT DOOR, TO THIS NAUTICAL VERANDA-- SHIPS!!!

WE'VE SPENT THREE DAYS STUDYING THE SHIPPING BUSINESS AND HAVEN'T LEARNED A THING, LAMONT!

I STILL BELIEVE THAT SCHORN MURDERED GLENRICH FOR SOME REASON CONCERNING SHIPS!

BUT THE POLICE HAVE THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATED ALL OF GLENRICH'S AFFAIRS. HE HAD NO SHIPPING INTERESTS!

WHICH INDICATES THEY WERE A SECRET, AND THEREFORE SUPPORTS MY THEORY, MARGO!



YOU THINK SO, MARGO? THEN LOOK AT THIS OLD PHONE BOOK. IT LISTS ONE SHIP LINE THAT ISN'T NEW!

YOU'RE HOPELESS, LAMONT!



THE TROPICAL STAR LINE! BUT THEIR PHONE HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED.

AS I THOUGHT. GO OVER TO THEIR OFFICE, MARGO, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!



LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW!!!

WITH MARGO FOR A DECOY, I'LL LEARN IF THE CROOKS SHOW THEIR HAND!



LOOKING FOR ANYBODY, LADY?

YES. FOR THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THIS OFFICE!



THEY MOVED OUT A MONTH AGO. GONE BACK TO SOUTH AMERICA. BOUGHT A LOT OF SHIPS WHILE THEY WERE HERE!

BUT WHO OWNS THE COMPANY?



NOBODY KNOWS. BUT I HEARD THEM SAY WHERE THE SHIPS WERE. AT A PLACE CALLED RYNSKILL!

THAT GIRL'S BEEN INSIDE LONG ENOUGH TO FIND OUT TOO MUCH.

HERE SHE COMES. CALL THAT CAB FROM THE CORNER. WE'LL TAKE HER WITH US.



THEY'VE SPOTTED MARGO. THEY'RE CALLING ME OVER, BOSS!

GO ON, THEN, SHREVIE. I'M RIDING WITH YOU-- ON THE CAB TOP!



MARGO LANE IS TRAPPED BY TWO OF KURT SCHORN'S MEN, WHEN---

TAXI!

GET INTO THE CAB AND KEEP QUIET!



BUT YOU MUST BE HURT--

NOT AT ALL. THEY MADE EXCELLENT BUFFERS. GET IN THE CAB, QUICKLY!



BUT IF THOSE TWO GET AWAY!

THEY WON'T. SEE! THE POLICE HEARD THE SHOTS. NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU LEARNED ABOUT THE TROPICAL STAR LINE!



I LEARNED THAT THE TROPICAL STAR LINE HAS SHIPS AT A PLACE CALLED RYNKILL!

RYNKILL ON THE HUDSON! THOSE SHIPS ARE THE GHOST FLEET!

HERE'S THE PARKING LOT, BOSS.

THE GHOST FLEET?

YES, OLD SHIPS NOW READY FOR NEW SERVICE, MUCH NEEDED FOR SHIPPING SUPPLIES ABROAD. WE'RE GOING TO RYNKILL, MARGO!

I'LL CHECK ON THINGS HERE, BOSS.



THERE GO THOSE BUND GUYS, OFF TO THE HOOSE-GOW. NO CHANCE OF WORD GETTING TO KURT SCHORN!



RYNKILL 63?.. LISTEN, KURT. THE POLICE HAVE ARRESTED OUR TWO WATCHERS...



I HOPE HE BRINGS THE LANE GIRL ALONG. THIS TIME WE CAN TRAP THEM BOTH, KURT!

THE SHADOW'S WORK - HE'S COMING HERE TO RYNKILL, FRED!



FROM HIGH ABOVE THE HUDSON, THE SHADOW AND MARGO LANE VIEW THE GHOST FLEET, READY TO SAIL FOR PORTS UNKNOWN--



WHY!
THOSE
SHIPS
HAVE
STEAM
UP!

EXACTLY IF KURT
SCHORN HAS TAKEN
OVER, THE FLEET
WILL NEVER REACH
IT'S DESTINATION.
I'M GOING DOWN
THERE!



BUT
HOW CAN
I HELP BY
STAYING
HERE?

IF YOU SEE ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS, DRIVE AWAY.
YOUR DEPARTURE WILL
GIVE ME WARNING.



THE PATH LEADING DOWN TO THE HUDSON--

BUT IF YOU
EXPECT THE
SHADOW, WHY
AREN'T WE
DOWN BY
THE SHIPS
?

FOR A VERY
SIMPLE REASON,
FREDA!



THE ONLY PATH LEADS
PAST THE STORE-HOUSE.
OUR MEN WILL TRAP
THE SHADOW THERE
WATCH ME SIGNAL
THEM!

YOU
THINK OF
EVERYTHING
KURT!



FROM HER CAR, MARGO LANE SEES
SIGNALS FLASH!

KURT SCHORN
AND THE BUND!
I'LL HAVE TO OVER-
TAKE THE SHADOW,
OR HE'LL BE
CUT OFF!



SO SCHORN IS
TRYING TO SET AN
AMBUSH! GOOD! I'LL
STEP IN HERE AND
TURN IT IN
REVERSE!





THAT BLAST FINISHED
THE SHADOW. LET'S
START DOWN TO
THE SHIPS,
FREDA.

ROLLING
BARRELS
DIDN'T HELP HIM!
GET GOING,
MARGO!



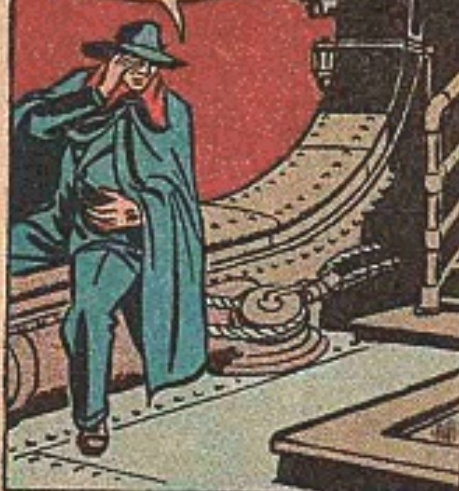
MEANWHILE, THE
LAST BARREL...



REACHES THE DOCK
BELOW THE PATH!



WHAT A DIZZY
TRIP THAT
WAS!



THE OTHERS
COME ON
BOARD

WHO
LEFT THAT
HATCHWAY
OPEN? CLOSE IT!

YES,
SIR!

COME ON,
MARGO - YOU'RE
GOING WITH
THE OTHER
PRISONERS!



KURT SCHORN AND HIS BUND HAVE TAKEN OVER THE "GHOST FLEET" STATIONED AT RYNKILL ON THE HUDSON--STEAMING DOWN RIVER, THE RECONDITIONED SHIPS PASS NEW YORK CITY AND CONTINUE TO THE OPEN SEA.



WE'VE CLEARED HARBOR, CHIEF!

HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT SO EASILY, KURT?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, FRED, WHEN I TALK TO OUR PRISONER, MARGO LANE.



OUT TO SEA! LUCKY THEY DIDN'T FIND ME LYING COLD IN THE HOLD!



MEANWHILE, IN THE SHIP'S HOLD--

ODD, THE WAY THE SHIP ROLLS. A TIDAL WAVE MUST BE COMING UP THE RIVER UNLESS...



IN MARGO'S CABIN---

MILES OUT TO SEA!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT,
KURT SCHORN GETTING
AWAY WITH A WHOLE
FLEET OF SHIPS.



COME
ALONG,
SISTER!

THE CHIEF
WANTS TO
TALK TO
YOU!

DO YOU
MEAN
KURT
SCHORN?



SCHORN AND FREDA
MENTIONED OTHER
PRISONERS. I WONDER
WHERE THEY ARE?



THE SHADOW,
-ALIVE!

WHAT'S
THAT?



HERE'S WHERE I
DO A FADE-OUT!

THE
SHADOW--
YOU SAW
HIM?

ALIVE!

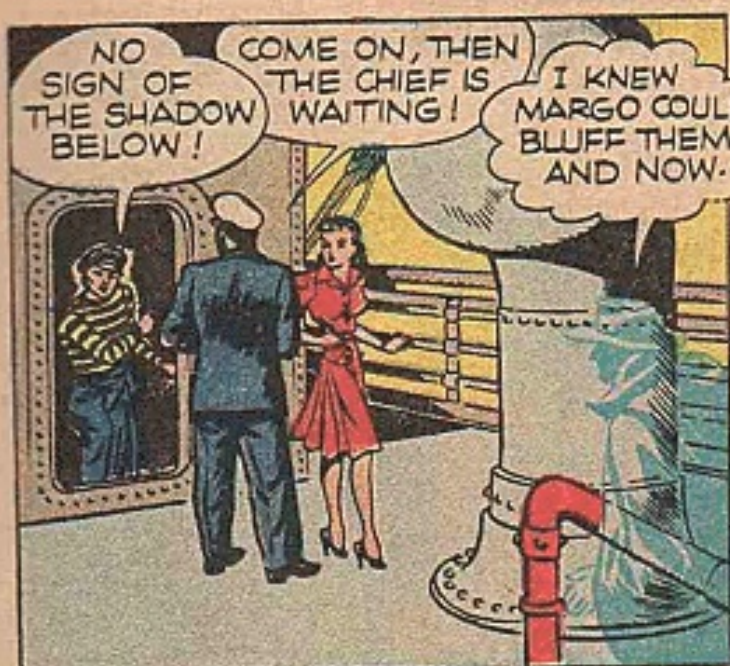
WHY--
WHY--



WHY, I
ONLY SAID--
IF THE SHADOW
WERE ALIVE!

YEAH? WELL, WE'LL
TAKE A LOOK FOR
HIM ANYWAY!





NO
SIGN OF
THE SHADOW
BELOW!

COME ON, THEN
THE CHIEF IS
WAITING!

I KNEW
MARGO COULD
BLUFF THEM..
AND NOW..



THEY'RE TAKING HER
TO KURT SCHORN. I'LL
LOOK IN ON WHAT
HAPPENS!



HOW
DO YOU
DO, MISS
LANE!

WELL, WELL KURT SCHORN AND
FREDA LUHN. IT REMINDS
ME OF THE NIGHT I FOUND
YOU MURDERING OTTO
GLENRICH!

NO WISE
CRACKS,
MARGO!



SINCE YOU'RE
INTERESTED IN THE
GLENRICH CASE, I'LL
TELL YOU ABOUT IT,
MISS LANE. TOO BAD
THE SHADOW ISN'T
HERE TO LISTEN!

YES..
TOO
BAD!

GLENRICH OWNED THE
TROPICAL STAR LINE.
HE BOUGHT THE GHOST
FLEET FOR IT, AND
TRANSFERRED THE SHIPS
TO SOUTH AMERICAN
REGISTRY....

SO THE SHIPS WERE
ALLOWED TO CLEAR PORT.
BUT I HAVE TAKEN OVER
THESE SHIPS. I SHALL
SCUTTLE THEM.

AND THE
SHADOW
CAN'T PREVENT
IT---HE'S
DEAD!

NOT SO DEAD
AS SCHORN AND
FREDA THINK!





FIRST, TO GET YOU
OUT OF HERE!

REMAINING VISIBLE TO
CONVINCE JORMAN OF
HIS ACTUAL PRESENCE,
THE SHADOW IS SPIED BY
A RETURNING GUARD.



LOOK OUT!
THE GUARD--
AND HE'S A
KILLER!

I KILL
YOU,
SHADOW!



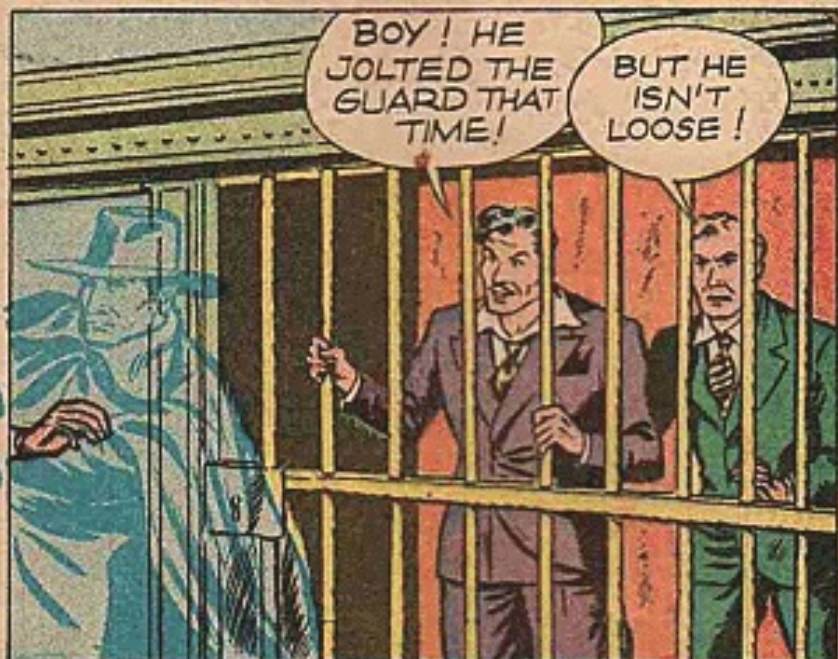
LOOK! THE
SHADOW HAS DONE
A FADE-OUT!

BUT THE
GUARD STILL
HAS HOLD OF
HIM!



BOY! HE
JOLTED THE
GUARD THAT
TIME!

BUT HE
ISN'T
LOOSE!



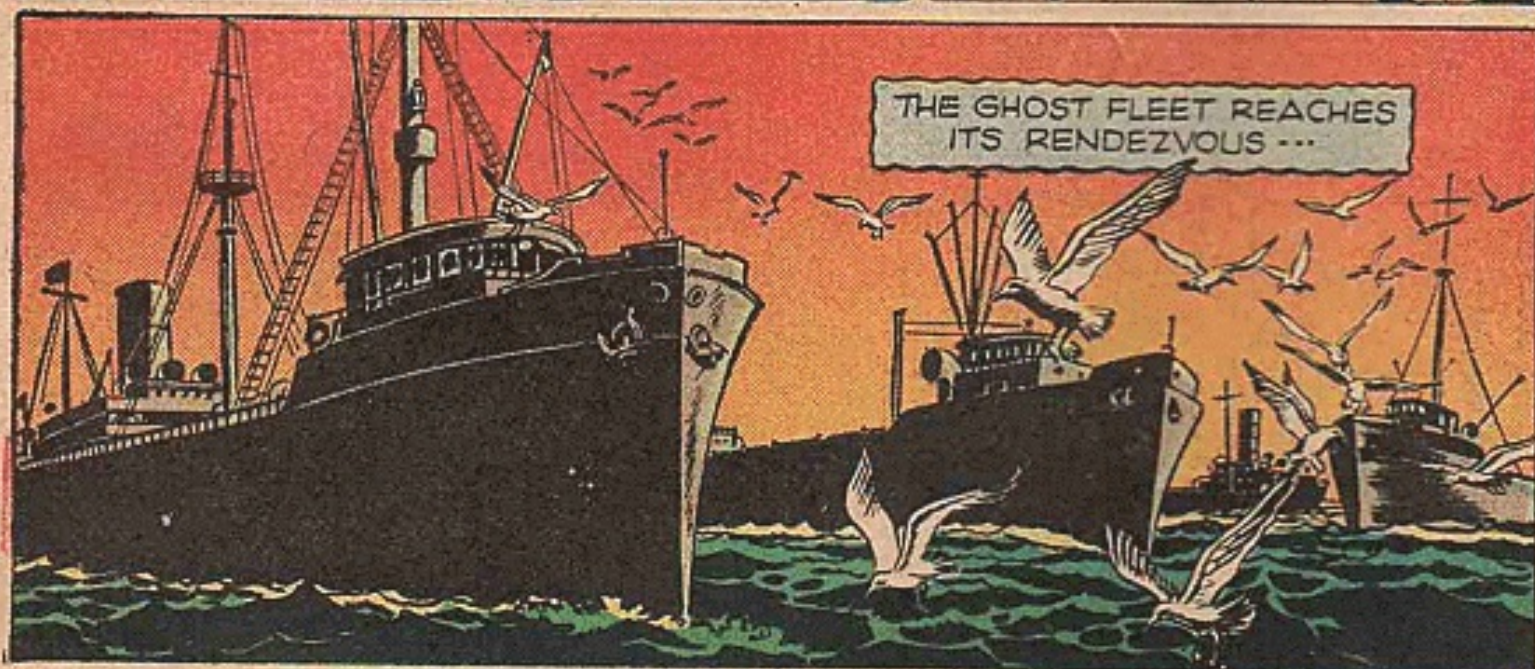
HE DOESN'T NEED
TO BE FREE--IT'S
MY TURN NOW!



GOOD WORK,
JORMAN!











YOU HAVEN'T WON YET,
SHADOW! THE CREW OF THIS
SHIP ARE FULLY ARMED!



BEFORE THE STARTLED BUND MEMBERS
CAN BEGIN TO SCUTTLE THEIR SHIPS,
SAILORS FROM THE U.S. SUBMARINES HAVE
BOARDED THE GHOST FLEET!

NO LONGER
SCHORN-LOOK
BELOW!

GORMAN
AND HIS FEDS
TAKING
OVER!



LITTLE NEMO

CHIP? CHIP?
CHATTER/
CHEEEEEE!

WHAT IS THAT
SQUIRREL CHATTERING
ABOUT? TELL HIM WE
ARE NOT NUTS. TELL
HIM TO GO AWAY. I'M
SLEEPY. HERE... YOU
RABBIT... G'WAN YOU...

GOSH, WOULDN'T IT
BE WONDERFUL IF
SQUIRRELS COULD
TALK, FLIP? HE WANTS
TO TELL US ABOUT
HIS NICE HOME IN
THE TREE, AND HIS
WONDERFUL LIFE IN
THE WOODS, AND
HOW HE HASN'T A
CARE IN THE WORLD,
AND... AND...





LITTLE NEMO! OH, FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE ---
LITTLE NEERMUDD!
SLEEPY HEAD! STIR YOUR
STUMPS!

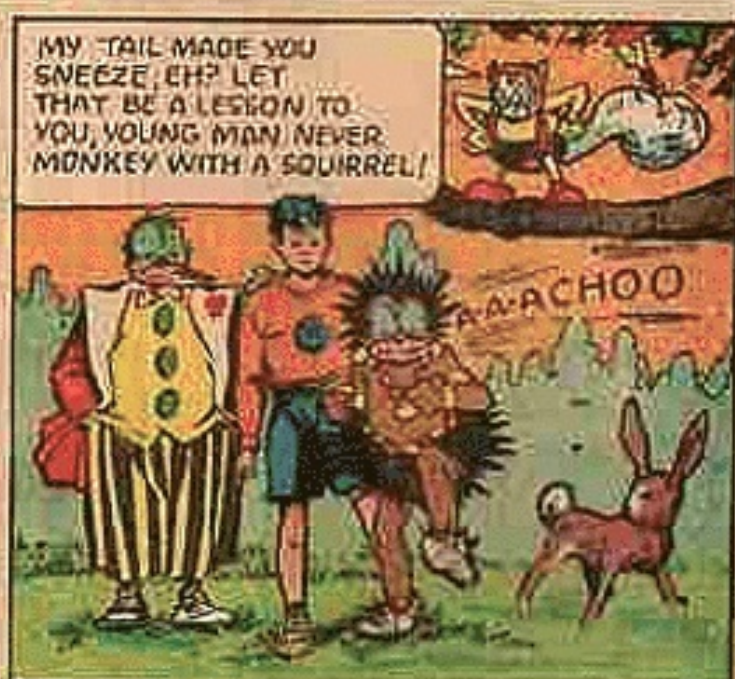
WHY, I WONDER
WHO'S CALLING
ME? WHO CAN
IT BE?

IT'S ME, THE NUT
HUNTER. WHO DO
YOU THINK, ANYWAY?

BUT--BUT I DIDN'T
KNOW SQUIRRELS
COULD TALK!

WELL, I'M TALKING.
AIN'T IT A FACT IS, I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU
COULD TALK. I HAVE
A NAME TOO—IT'S
PEPPY!





G'WAN, JUST EAT THOSE BERRIES. THEY'LL CUT YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE. I'LL WAIT. TWEET... A... TWEET!

THINK IT'S SAFE? I DON'T TRUST THAT BIRD! I DON'T EVEN TRUST MYSELF. WHY SHOULD I TRUST HIM, EH?

AW, FLIP! DON'T BE LIKE THAT.

WHAT'S GOING ON ANYWAY, NOW THAT WE'VE EATEN THOSE BERRIES? HEY, UM, LOOK AT THAT SQUIRREL GROW!

WHY... WHY... EVERYTHING IS GROWING BIGGER!

OGGLE / GLUP?



WHAT IS THIS STUFF?... WHY IT'S GRASS!

OH BUNK! WHOEVER SAW GRASS THAT BIG?

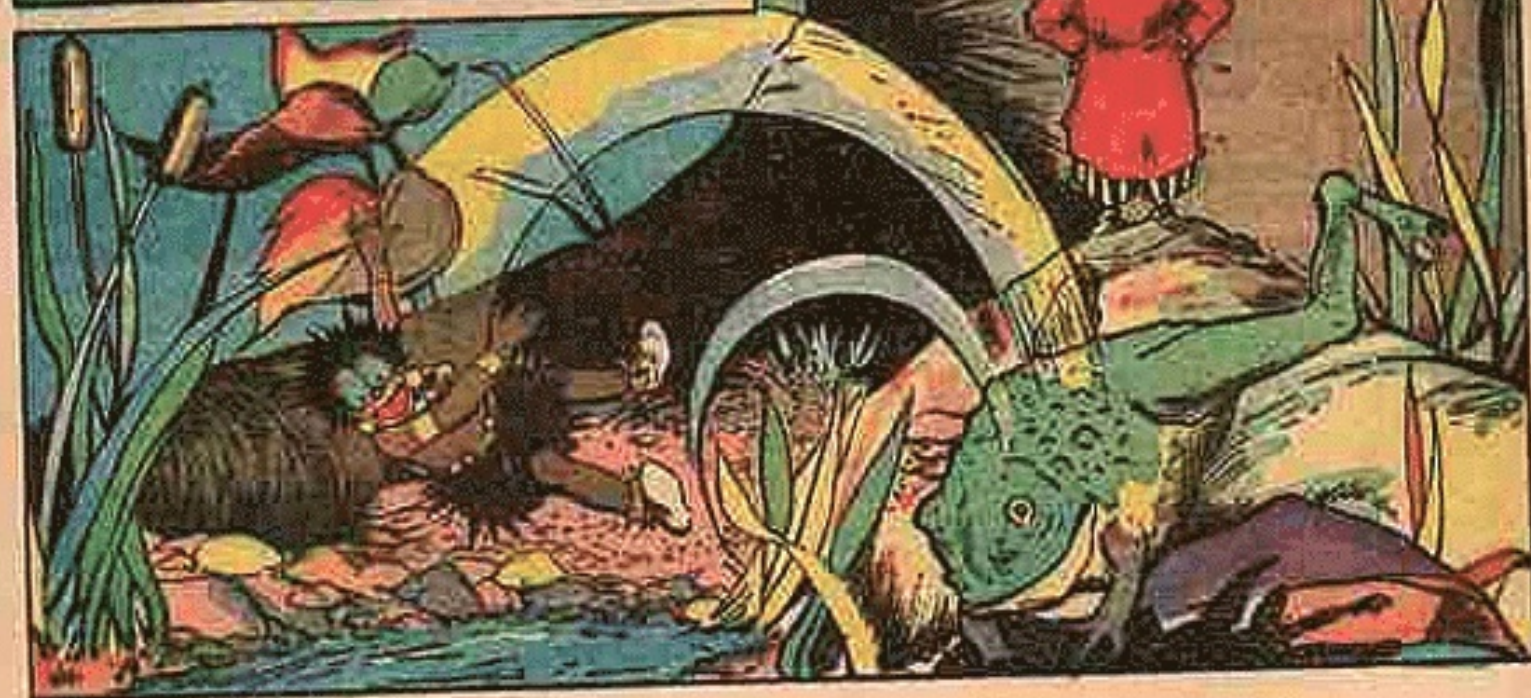


WHY, PEPPY YOU'RE OUR SIZE!

SURE, AND NOW YOU LOOK HUMAN. C'MON!



HUMAN, HMFF! HE MEANS SQUIRRELY!







HERE'S MY
WINTER
SUPPLY OF
FOOD.

YOU'RE NOT A
BAD FELLOW AT
THAT. AT LEAST
YOU'RE THRIFTY.

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

UM! FEELS
LIKE AN EARTH-
QUAKE. OUCH,
MY TOE!

OH, OH, OH! MY HOUSE!
I FEEL LIKE A PAIR OF
DICE BEING RATTLED!
WHAT'S DOING IT?
WHAT'S COMING?



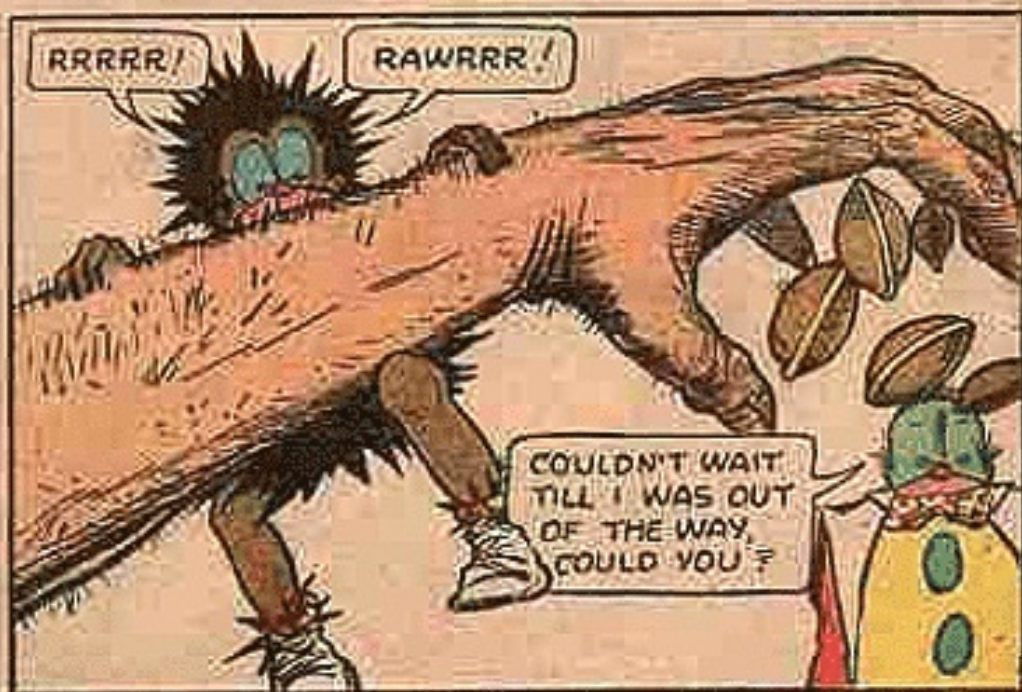
HAY! I SEE A SQUIRREL'S
NEST, IT MUST BE FULL
O' NUTS— AND I'M
HUNGRY!

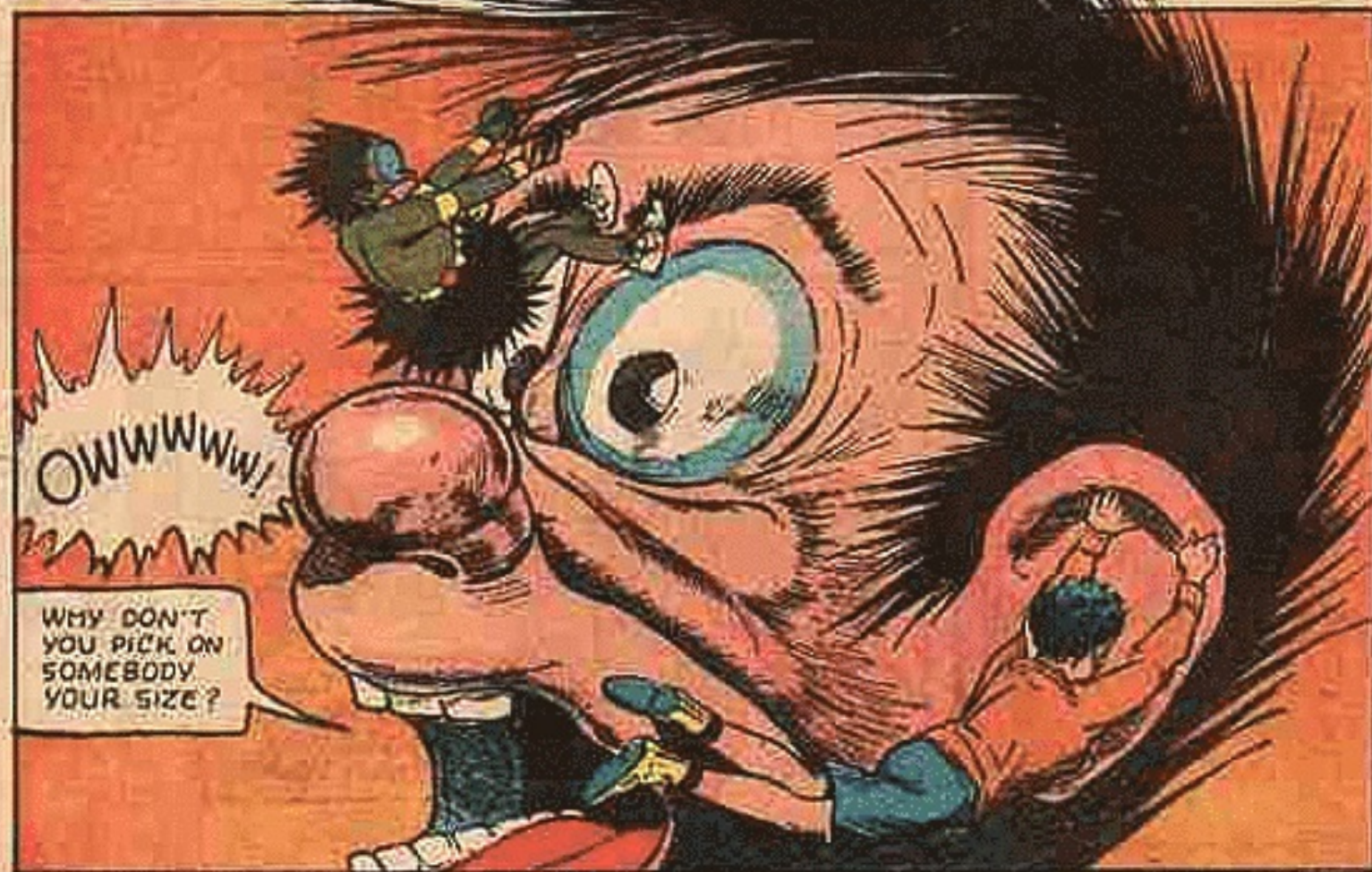
**IT'S A
GIANT**

HE'S COMING STRAIGHT
FOR YOUR HOME,
PEPPY! THIS MEANS
TROUBLE, UM, YES
SIR!

BE CALM,
EVERYBODY, B-B-BE
C-C-CALM, LIKE
M-M-M-ME!



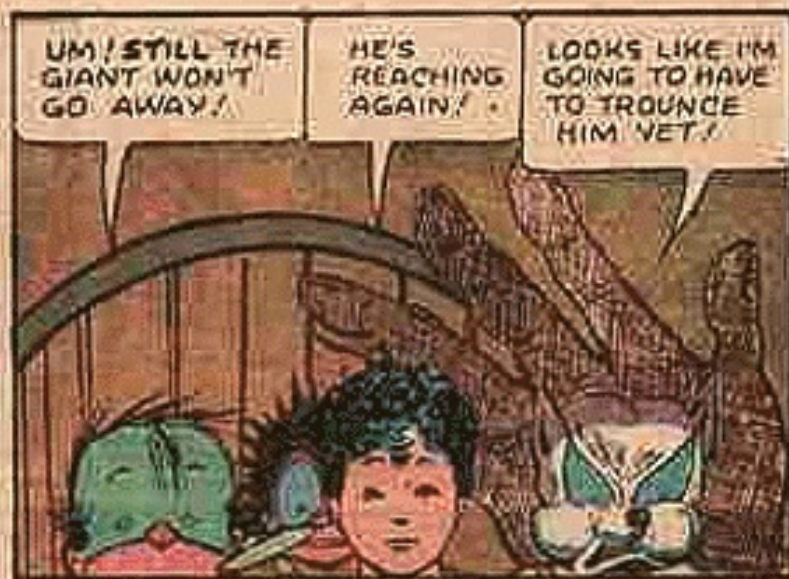








HEY! AWAK! IMPIE,
MUST YOU ALWAYS
PICK ON ME---ME--
ME? COULDN'T IT
BE SOMEONE ELSE
FOR A CHANGE, EHT
WHAT DO YOU THINK?



UM! STILL THE
GIANT WON'T
GO AWAY!

HE'S
REACHING
AGAIN!

LOOKS LIKE I'M
GOING TO HAVE
TO TROUNCE
HIM YET!



THE LITTLE
PIPSQUEAKS
WON'T STOP ME!
I'LL GRAB THOSE
NUTS YET, I
SURE WILL!



I NEED A LITTLE
HELP, MAYBE---
FROM MY FOREST
FRIENDS. HEH, HEH.

YOU ARE GOING TO
TROUNCE HIM, I
PRESUME? HEY, HOW
ABOUT THAT,
PEPPY?



STUKA! STUKA/
WHERE ARE YOU?
AND ALL THE REST
OF YOU-- COME
QUICK!



PEPPY'S IN
TROUBLE!

WHAT,
AGAIN!

C'MON!
LET'S
HURRY!

HELP!

HELP!

HELP!

HELP!

ATTA BOY! GIVE
IT TO HIM, YOU
FELLOWS! GIVE
IT TO HIM GOOD!

UM! WHAT A MOB!
I DARE SAY YOU
COULD HAVE CLEANED
UP THE GIANT YOUR-
SELF, PEPPY. YOU DIDN'T
NEED THIS HELP, PEPPY.
EH, PEPPY?

CLUNK!

OWWWW

LOOK AT
THOSE RABBITS
BURROWING
UNDER HIM!





THERE, YOU BIG LUMMOX! NOW WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, EH?



PLEASE LET ME GO! I WAS ONLY HUNGRY!

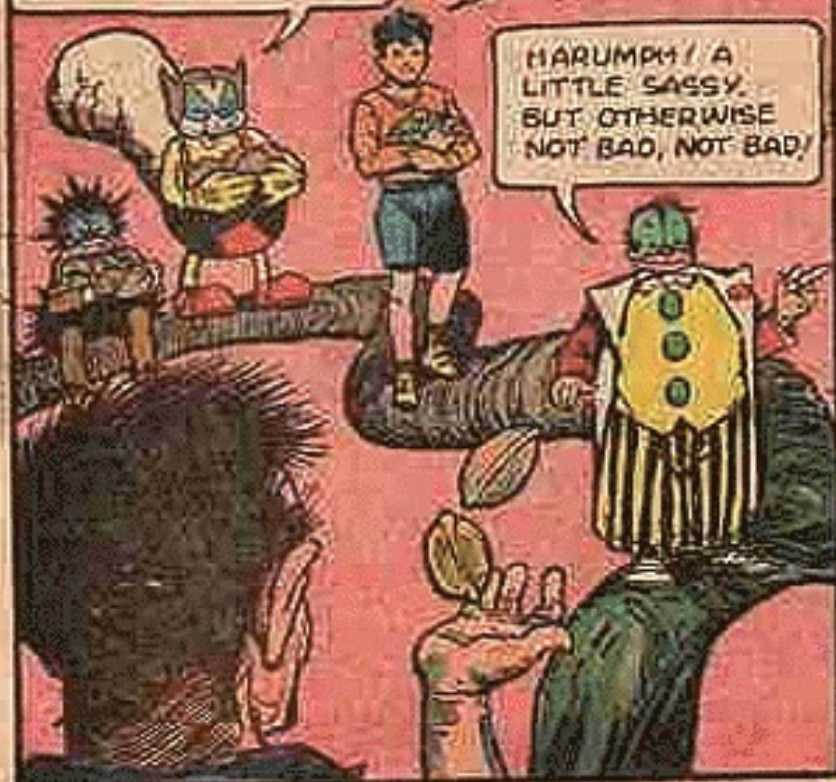
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU--- NEVER TAKE ANYTHING WITHOUT ASKING FOR IT FIRST!



HE'S JUST A POOR OLD TRAMP, AND I CAN SPARE THESE NUTS!

YOU'RE A GOOD SCOUT, PEPPY! ISN'T HE, FLIP?

HARUMPH! A LITTLE SASSY, BUT OTHERWISE NOT BAD, NOT BAD!



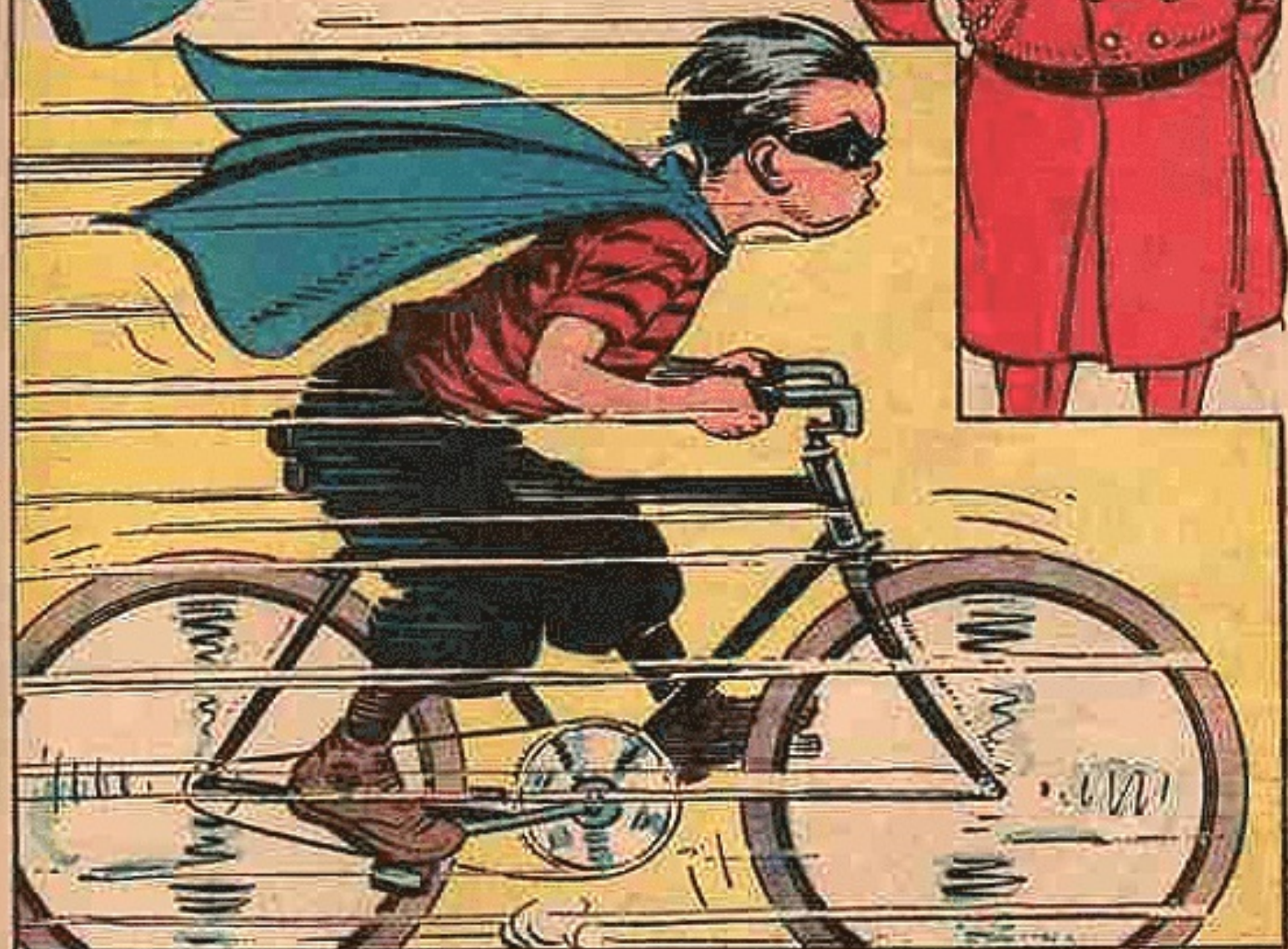
LITTLE NEMO! WAKE UP! GET UP THIS MINUTE! IT'S TIME FOR SCHOOL!

UM... AWR... VAW! GOSH, THAT WAS A WONDERFUL DREAM! WONDER IF I'LL SEE PEPPY AGAIN IN SLUMBERLAND?



SUPERSNIPE

EMMA! WHERE'S
THE CAPE FOR
MY LODGE
UNIFORM?



A SUDDEN INEXPLICABLE EPIDEMIC OF GERMAN MEASLES DESCENDS UPON THE TOWN OF YAPBURG—THREATENING EVERY BOY AND GIRL THEREIN WITH TORTUROUS CONFINEMENT IN THEIR RESPECTIVE HOMES—AND A TEMPORARY LOSS OF IMPORTANT RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES. BUT—AH! A CHAMPION APPEARS TO BATTLE IN THEIR BEHALF—A MIGHTY BATTLER TO WHOM COLOSSAL OBSTACLES ARE BUT A MEANS OF EXERCISE—THE COURAGEOUS—THE DYNAMIC—**SUPERSNIPE**

INNOCENT CHILDREN AT PLAY - UNAWARE OF THE EPIDEMIC ABOUT TO ASSORB THEM



AN EARLY VICTIM - SUFFERING FROM ONE OF THE FIRST SYMPTOMS - LOSS OF APPETITE -



VEHICLES OF OTHER EARLY VICTIMS LEFT UNMANNED - A MENACE TO PUBLIC SAFETY -



LIFE LONG FRIENDS - SEPARATED



-AND AN EPIDEMIC OF GERMAN MEASLES IS REPORTED TO HAVE STARTED HERE IN YAPBURG/WE HAVE BEEN ASKED-



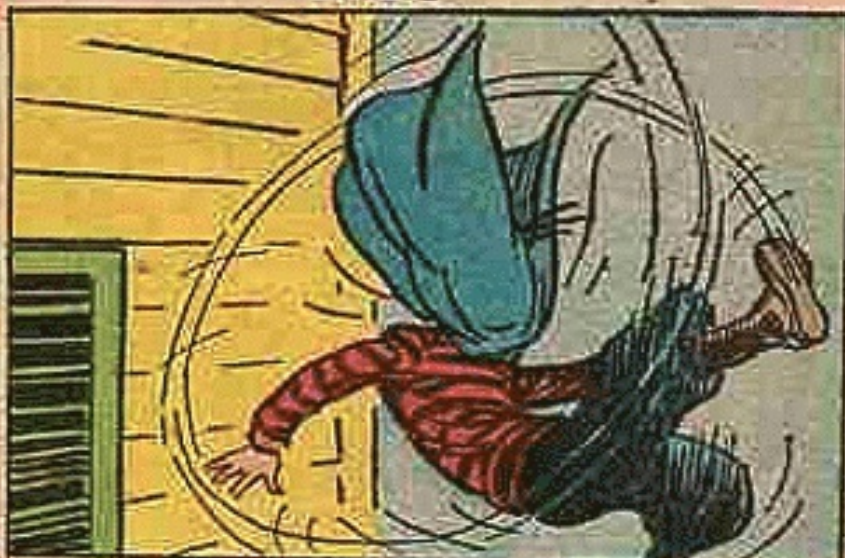
AH! GERMAN MEASLES! THE WORK OF FOREIGN AGENTS! ACTION FOR SUPERSNIPE!



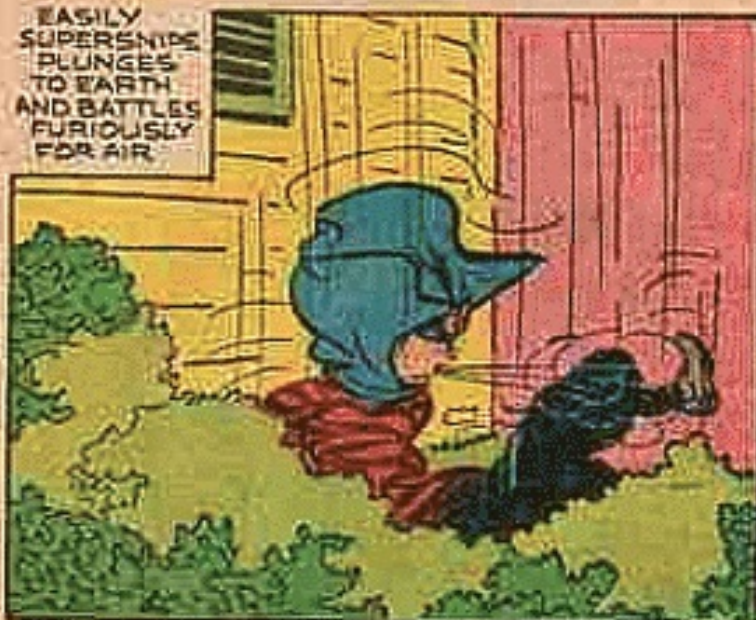
A GREAT
LEAP
LAUNCHES
SUPERSNIDE
INTO SPACE



THE SLUG THE UNACCOMMODATING AIR WHIZZES THE MAN
OF 1955



EASILY
SUPERSNIDE
PLUNGES
TO EARTH
AND BATTLES
FURIOUSLY
FOR AIR



NOTHING IN DISTRESS CAN ESCAPE
SUPERSNIDE'S TELESCOPIC VISION



MEANWHILE-

WHERE'S MY LOUGE CAPE? I'M
LATE! I HAD IT RIGHT HERE!

I SAW BROTHER
DIVING OUT THROUGH
HIS BEDROOM
WINDOW WITH IT,
DADDY!



TO MANY-
CHARITY
BEGINNING
AT HOME-
TO
SUPERSNIDE-
OPPOSITION
BEGINNING
THERE

SEE, DADDY!
THERE'S THE
DENT IN THE
GROUND
WHERE HE
LANDED!

GONE! I'VE GOT TO
GET HIM! I NEED
THAT CAPE!



BUT THE GERMAN MEASLES MUST BE STOPPED - AND SUPERSNIPE HAS LOST NO TIME IN SPOTTING A SUSPECT.



TOO ABSORBED IN HIS DUTY TO THE SUFFERING CHILDREN OF YAPBURG - SUPERSNIPE FAILS TO SENSE THE APPROACHING DANGER -

WE JUST CAN'T MISS HIM, DADDY, BECAUSE OF THE CAPE!

AND IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT CAPE - HE WON'T BE SITTING DOWN FOR A MONTH!



THERE HE IS, DADDY, THERE HE IS! BROTHER! COME HERE!



SUPERSNIPE - WITH HIS TELEPHONIC MIND SENSING SELF-DESTRUCTION - LEAPS INTO ACTION - AND - SECONDS LATER -



SUCCESSFULLY ESCAPING HIS PURSUERS - SUPERSNIPE PONDER'S HIS NEXT MOVE -

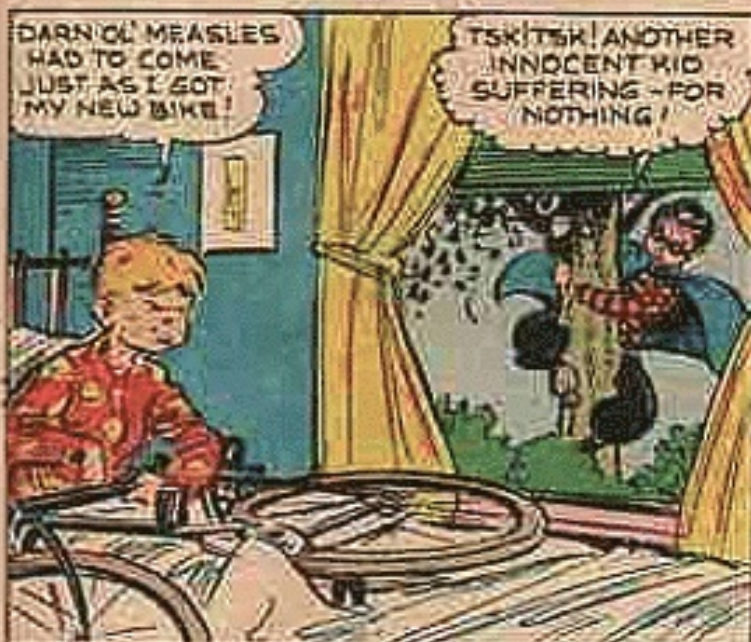
GETTING THE FOREIGN AGENTS OUT OF TOWN SHOULD BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN GETTING THIS CAPE HOME

WILLIE JONES HAS THEM NOW.





SUPERSNIPE DECIDES ON A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION OF THE TRUE CONDITIONS IN THE TOWN



AND SO - CONFRONTED WITH SUCH SCENES OF MISERY - SUPERSNIPE IS LEFT WITH NO CHOICE BUT THAT OF DUTY



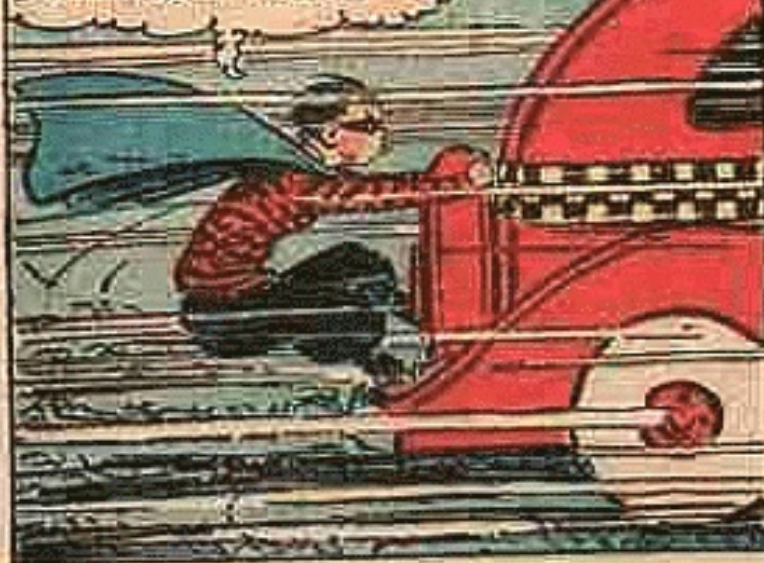
SUDDENLY - SUPERSNIPE FINDS HIMSELF PLACED BY FATE ON A VERY - **VERY** HOT TRAIL



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE COPS CAN BE SO DUMB AS TO MISS ALL THIS!



ANYWAY—THE GERMAN MEASLES IS AS GOOD AS ENDED RIGHT NOW! I'LL—



WITH HIS TELEPHONIC MIND AGAIN SENSING SELF-DESTRUCTION—SUPERSNIPE ZIPS FOR SAFETY

JUST WHEN I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING HOT! BUT I'LL GET BACK ON IT!

SUPERSNIPE CAN'T QUIT NOW!

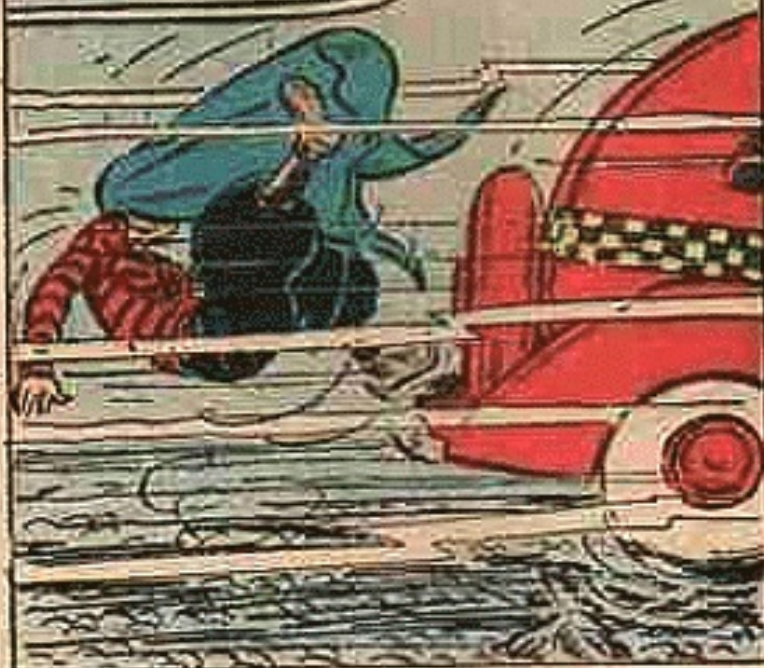


SUDDENLY

HE IS, DADDY!
THERE
HE IS!!

THERE

WHERE? OH!
BROTHER!!



BROTHER! YOU COME HERE! OH! WAIT I'LL
AND IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO MY
CAPE.



EASILY THE MAN OF 1955 IS OUTRUNNING HIS
POWERFUL FATHER



WITH IRRESISTIBLE LEAPS, SUPERSNIPE
HURDLES ALL OBSTACLES



SUPERSNIPE'S
SUPERVISION
SPOTS TWO
MORE SUSPECTS

OH! IF I COULD ONLY STOP
NOW! BUT I'LL GET BACK
ON THEIR TRAIL!



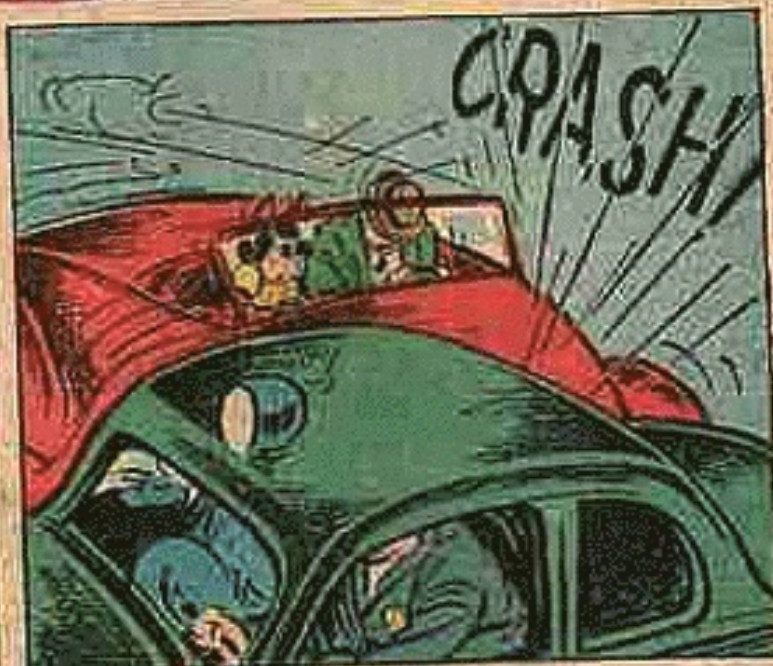
BUT ON AND ON COMES THE OPPOSITION-
IN FUTILE EFFORT



WITH FREEDOM WON- SUPERSNIPE CAN'T
WAIT TO LEAP BACK INTO ACTION



WITH THE ALL-CLARE SIGNAL FROM HIS TELEPHONIC
HEARING AND TELESCOPIC VISION - SUPER-SNIPE
DARTS OFF FOR THE HOT TRAIL AGAIN



MEANWHILE-
EXTRA!
EXTRA! EPIDEMIC
UNDER CONTROL!
EXTRA!

I KNEW I'D
WIN! BUT I STILL GOT
T'GET THE AGENTS!



AH! NOW I KNOW
WHY THEY WERE ALL
CARRYING TRAVELING BAGS!
THEY'RE MAKING A GET-
AWAY, NOW THAT THEIR
DIRTY WORK IS DONE!
SUPERSNIPE MUST GET TO
THE RAILROAD STATION
QUICK!



WHY DIDN'T
I THINK OF THIS
BEFORE!?



I HEAR
THERE'S A
BIG CROWD
EXPECTED
AT OUR
NATIONAL
CONVENTION

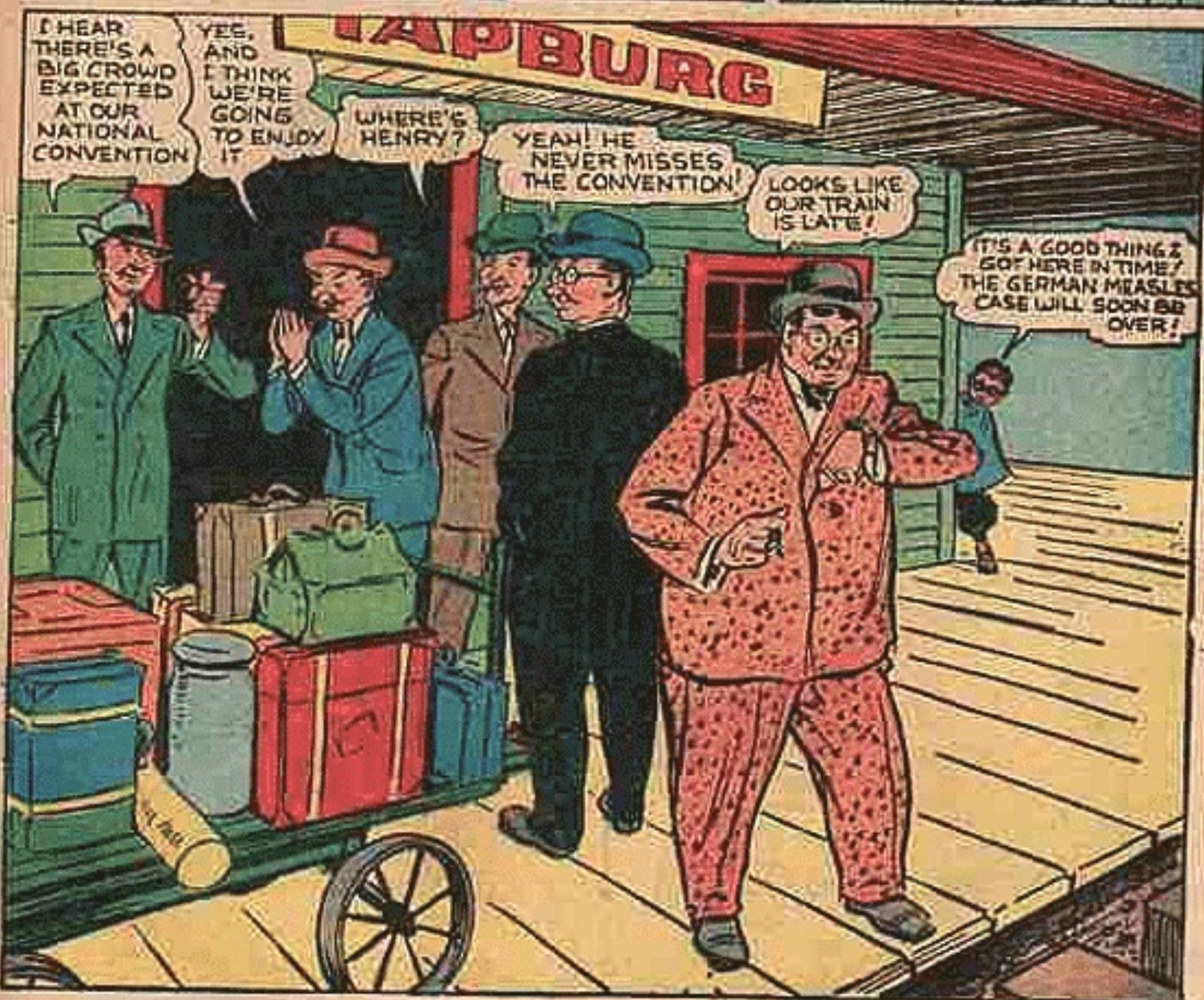
YES,
AND
I THINK
WE'RE
GOING
TO ENJOY
IT

WHERE'S
HENRY?

YEAH! HE
NEVER MISSES
THE CONVENTION!

LOOKS LIKE
OUR TRAIN
IS LATE!

IT'S A GOOD THING I
GOT HERE IN TIME!
THE GERMAN MEASLES
CASE WILL SOON BE
OVER!



HA! ALL SET FOR A NICE
GET-AWAY,
AINTCHA!-



WHAT'S HE
TALKING
ABOUT?

SAY!
ISN'T THE
HENRY'S
KID?

YES! AND HE'S
WEARING
THE LODGE
CAPE!

PROBABLY THAT'S
WHAT'S KEEPING
HENRY - HE MUST
BE LOOKING FOR THE
CAPE!

I'LL GET TO A
PHONE AND
TALK TO
HENRY!



- THANKS, FRANK! I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE TO GET HIM! - AND IF I'M
LATE FOR THE LODGE CONVENTION -
HE'LL NEVER FORGET IT!



2 YOU HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME, HENRY.
THE TRAIN'S
QUITE LATE

B-BUT
POP!
T-THEY
LOOKED
LIKE
FOREIGN
AGENTS
'CAUSE
OF THIS
SALUTIN',
AND -

JUST WAIT! WE GET
HOME! THE IDEA - MY
LODGE BROTHERS -
'FOREIGN AGENTS'!

THAT 'SALUTIN'
IS MERELY OUR
LODGE GREETING,
SON

HURRY
BACK
HERE,
HENRY



LATER

NO, I CAN'T
GO OUT,
SPARKY!

OH! ARE
YOU
SUFFERIN'
FROM THE
GERMAN
MEASLES,
TOO?



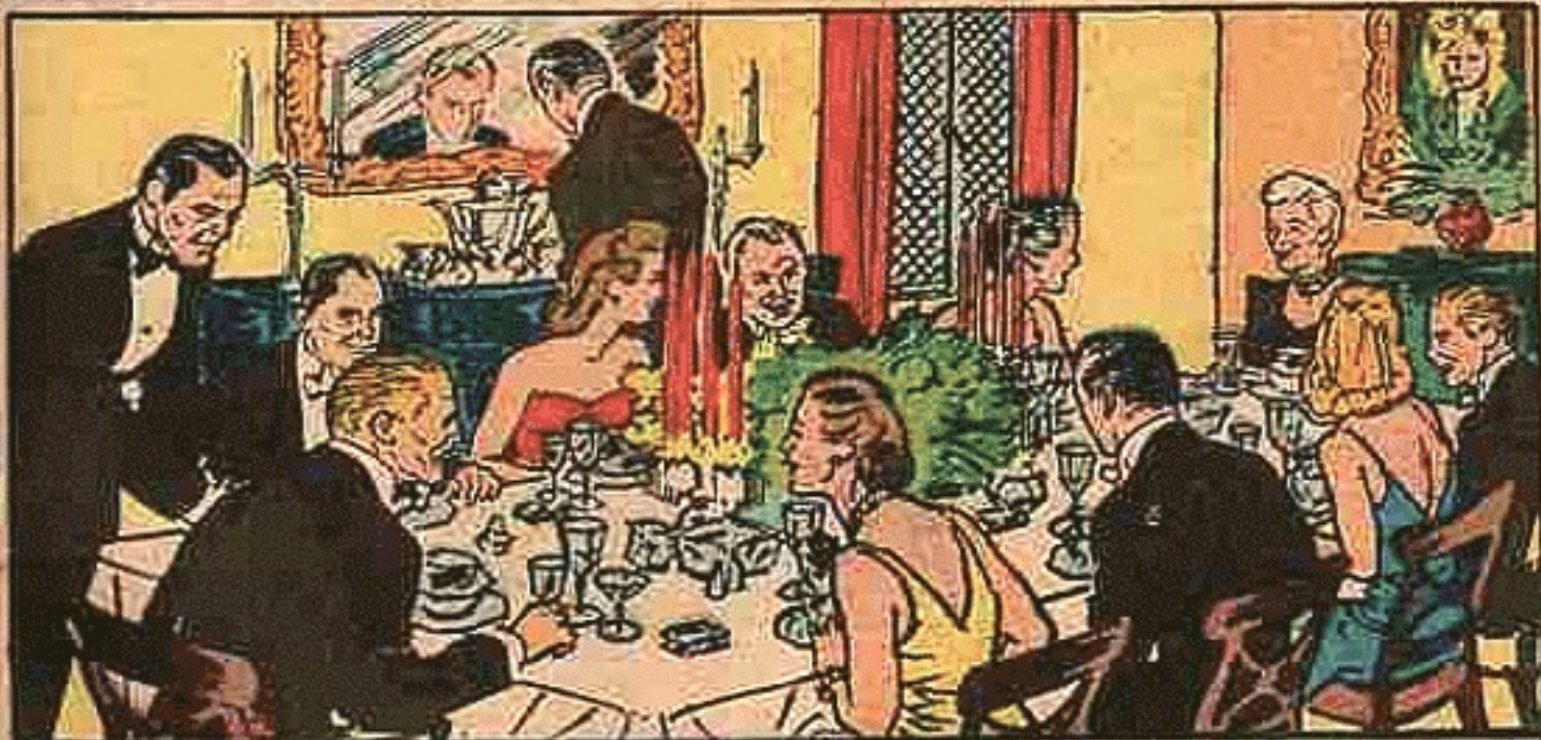
WELL - YES -
IN A WAY -
I AM



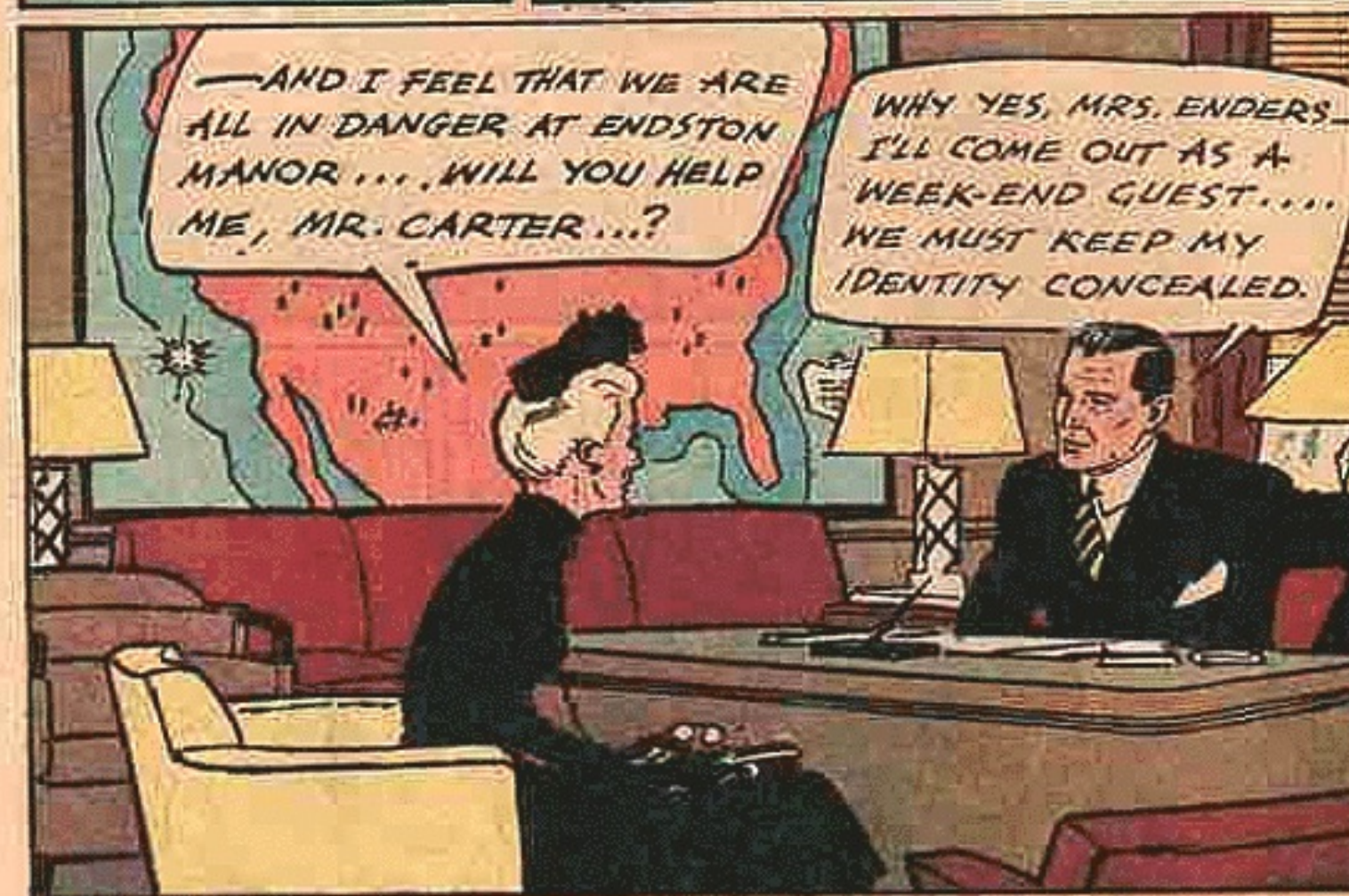
DON'T MISS SUPERSNIPE'S NEXT
EXCITING ADVENTURE

NICK CARTER...

...THE GREATEST CRIME SOLVER OF OUR DAY, IS CALLED IN ON THE ENDSTON MANDOR MYSTERY. MEMBERS OF THE HEALTHY, DISTINGUISHED FAMILY DIE UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF THEIR RELATIVES... NO TRACE OF FOUL PLAY, NOR ANY INDICATION OF POISON IS FOUND IN THE INQUESTS—BUT NICK CARTER CRACKS THE CASE WIDE OPEN AND DOES HE SOLVE THE MYSTERY...!

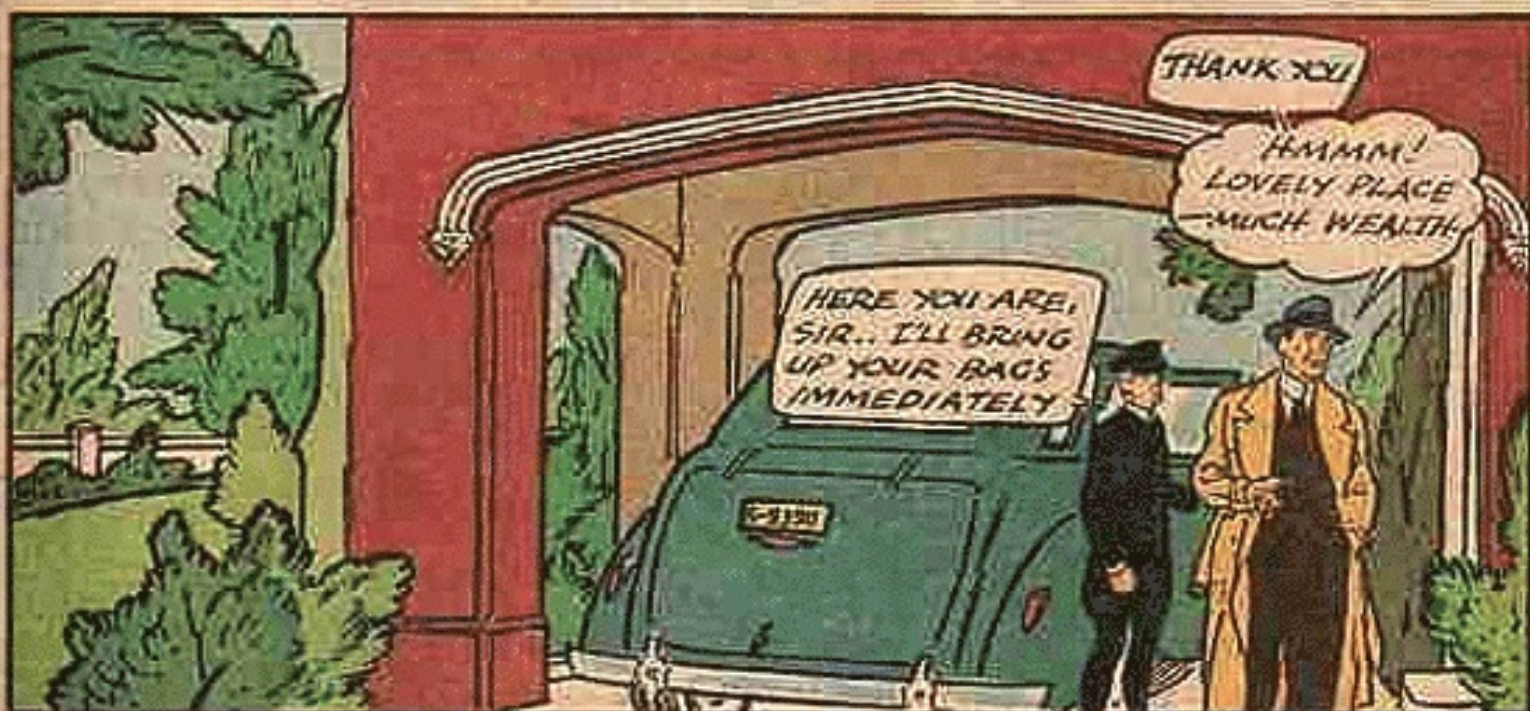


THE ENDERS FAMILY ARE AT DINNER—HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME, WHEN SUDDENLY—



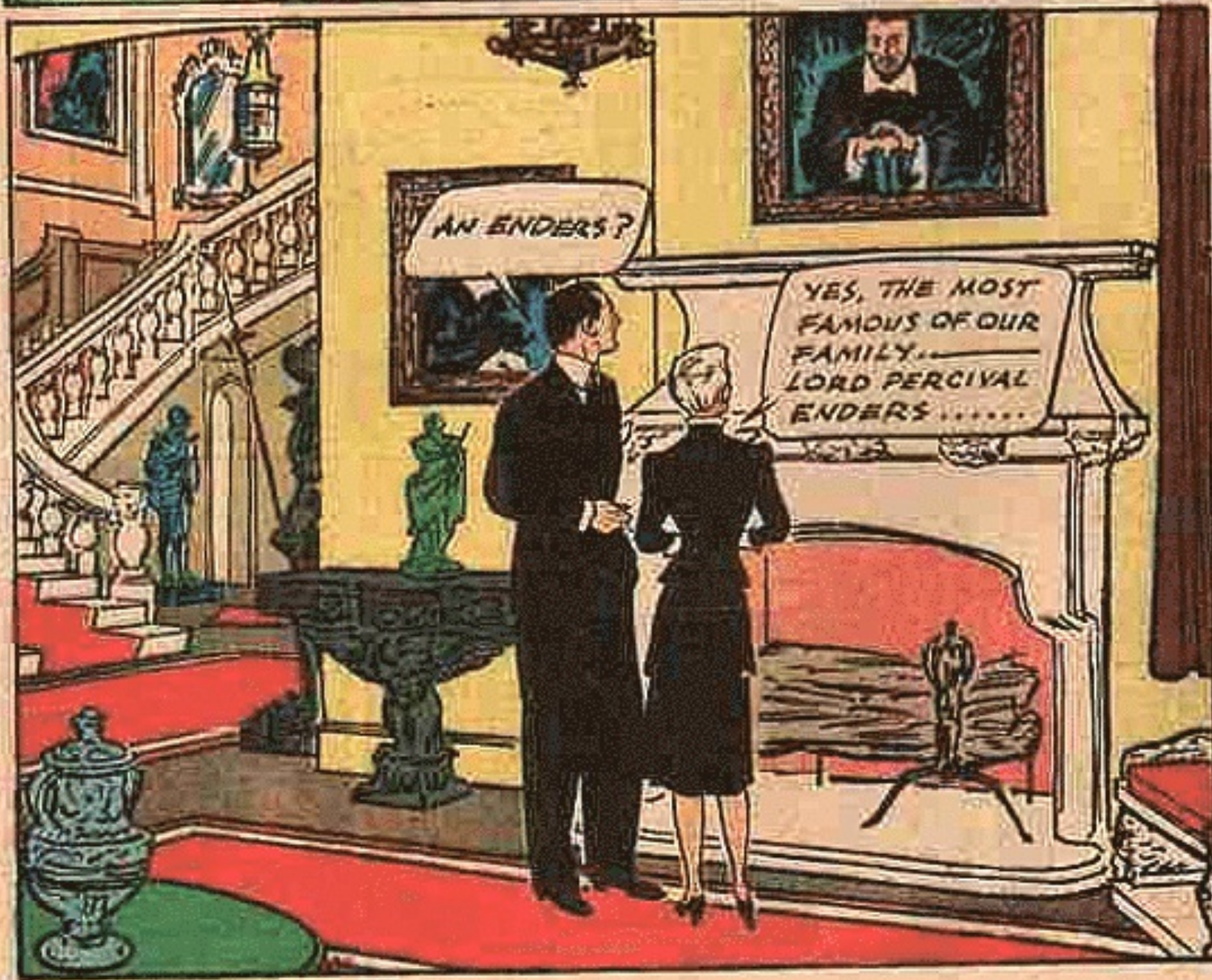
OF THE ENTIRE FAMILY, ONLY GRANDMA ENDERS FELT THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING CROOKED ABOUT HER SON'S DEATH... SHE WAS SO SURE OF THIS THAT SHE CALLED ON NICK CARTER, THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, IN PERSON, RATHER THAN SEND HIM ANY KIND OF A MESSAGE

NICK CAME
TO
ENDSTON
MANOR
AS
NATHAN
CORDELL
...



SEEING A
STRANGER
IN NICK,
BEPPU
STANDS AT
ATTENTION
...







NICK
GOES
UP THE
STAIRS
TWO AT
A TIME
...



THE SERVANTS
CONGREGATE
—HELPLESS
WITH FEAR...



WHAT NICK SAW WHEN HE RUSHED INTO THE ROOM...

NICK RUSHES
TO THE
WINDOW.
BUT
NOTHING
WAS TO BE
SEEN BUT
LITTLE
BEPPA
SCAMPERING
ACROSS THE
LAWN
TOWARDS
THE STABLE
...



BILL DIED
JUST AS HAD
HIS FATHER
AND THE
INQUEST
THAT
FOLLOWED
SHOWED AS
MUCH AS
HAD HIS
FATHER'S
— NOTHING
...

BUT DIDN'T YOU SEE ANY-
ONE AT ALL, MRS. ENDERS?

NOT A SOUL... BILL WAS
SITTING WITH HIS BACK
TO THE OPEN WINDOW,
READING... SUDDENLY,
HE GRUNTED—RAISED
UP FROM HIS CHAIR—
CLAPPED HIS HAND TO
THE BACK OF HIS NECK
— AND FELL OVER—
DEAD!... OH-H-H!



HAVE ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS
CLOSED, AND ALLOW NO ONE TO
LEAVE THE PLACE... NOW,
WHOSE IS THAT MONKEY...?

IT BELONGS TO OUR
HORSEMAN, DAVIS...
HE KEEPS IT IN HIS
ROOM OVER THE SADDLE
HORSES... HE'S AWAY ON
ONE OF HIS ANNUAL SPREES
JUST NOW.



THE GREAT
NICK CARTER
STARTS
INVESTIGATING
— HE HAS
A HUNCH HE'LL
FIND WHAT
HE WANTS IN
THE HORSE
STABLE,
BUT —



HE
DOESN'T...



GET
THERE...





SAY, DIS GUY
IS HEFTY FER
HIS LOOKS...

SO WHAT? SHOW
HIM TO ZIG, AN'
DUMP 'IM —

THE GANG HIDEOUT — TO WHICH THEY ARE TAKING NICK CARTER



DIS GUY WAS SNOOPIN' AROUND DE
GARDEN, ZIG, SO I KONKED 'IM...

OH YEAH...?
THROW HIM IN
THE TRAP...

FORTUNATELY FOR
NICK THE BOSS
WAS JUST IN A
HOT ARGUMENT,
AND DIDN'T TAKE
THE TIME TO
LOOK AT HIM.
AND SO —

...

— HE NEVER
REALIZED THAT HE
HAD NICK CARTER,
THE GREATEST ENEMY
OF ALL CRIMINALS,
IN HIS POWER...

...

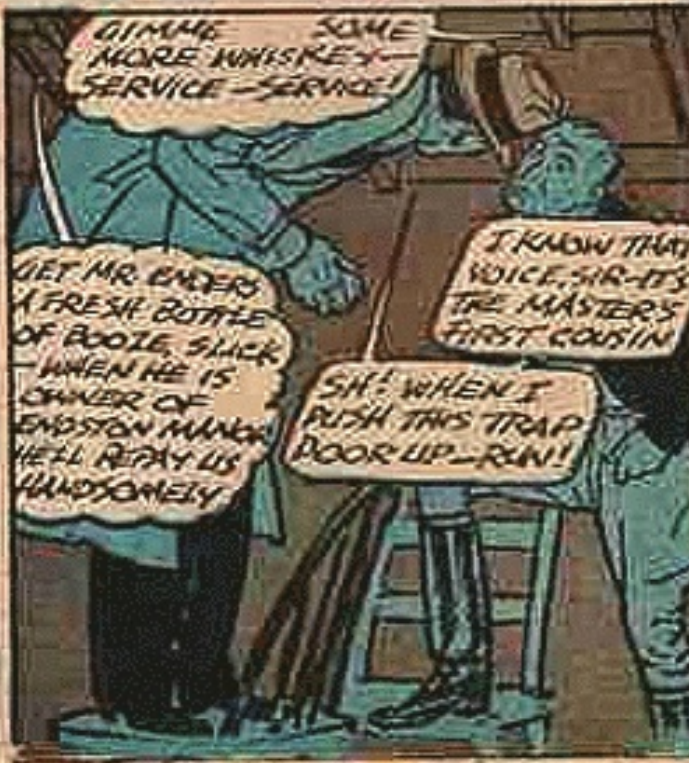




THIS WAS
ABOUT THE
LAST MAN
NICK
EXPECTED
TO FIND
HERE
...



NICK
HAD TO
READJUST
HIS
OPINIONS
OF THE
MYSTERY
...





NICK
HURLS
A ROCK
STRAIGHT
AT THE
LAMP
AND —

...



AS THE
LIGHT
GOES
OUT,
NICK
AND
DAVIS
STREAK
FOR THE
OUT-
DOORS

...



NICK GETS
TO THE
GING CAR—
THE DRIVER
TRIES TO
STOP HIM,
BUT —

...

NICK
DOESN'T
SEE IT
THAT
WAY



NICK CARTER
HAS THE CASE
SOLVED, BUT
THE MORE HE
EXPLAINS
THE LESS DAVIS
UNDERSTANDS.
NICK IS
HURRYING
BACK TO
PREVENT
A POSSIBLE
THIRD
MURDER....

...



NICK STEPS INTO DAVIS' ROOM... HE DISPATCHED THE HORSEMAN TO NOTIFY THE POLICE TO PICK UP THE GANG AT THE DESERTED FARM HOUSE HIDE-OUT....



CAGED — JUST AS I THOUGHT... BUT GOOD HEAVENS! THE OTHER ONE MUST BE AT WORK!



THE TINY MESSENGER OF DEATH IS ON HIS WAY TO ADD ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE ENDERS FAMILY TO THE MOUNTING LIST OF SUDDEN, MYSTERIOUS DEATHS



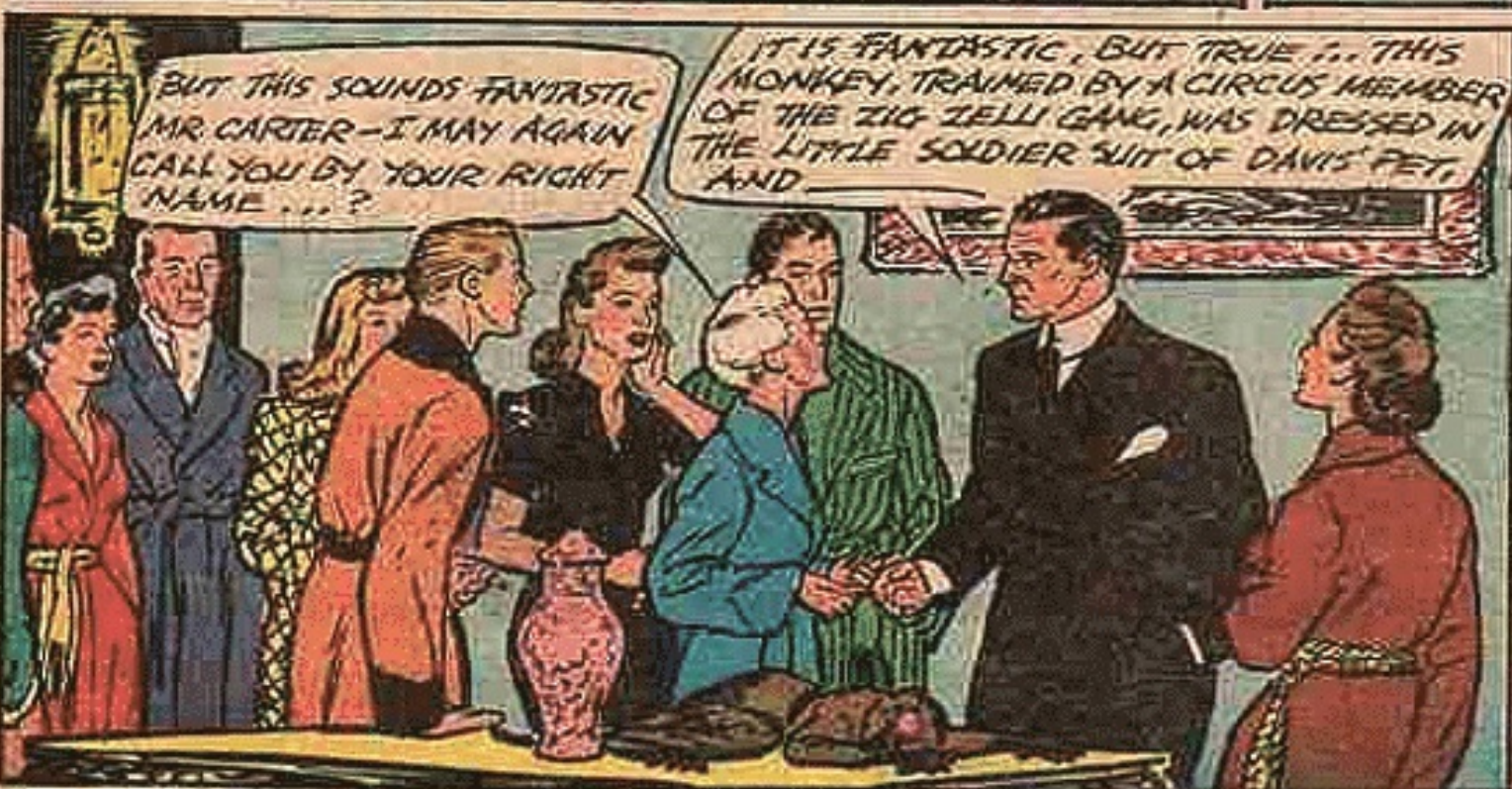
GOOD GRIEF...!! THAT WINDOW IS OPEN

NICK HAPPENS TO COME UP BEHIND THE GANGSTER WHO IS HANDLING THE MONKEY JUST AS THE ANIMAL REACHES THE WINDOW SILL....

NICK
KAYOS
THE
GANGSTER
AND GETS
HIS GUN



NICK BEATS
THE
MONKEY
TO THE
PUNCH
BY A HAIR
...



— WITH A TINY DART
TUBE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE
SWORD, WOULD BLOW A
MINIATURE POISON DART, LIKE
THOSE USED BY THE AFRICAN
PYGMIES... THIS VIRULENT POISON
MEANS INSTANT DEATH, AND
IS SO STRONGLY ASTRINGENT
THAT THE WOUND IT CAUSES
IMMEDIATELY CLOSES UP—
LEAVING NOT A
SIGN... THAT IS WHY
NO REASON WAS
FOUND FOR THE
DEATHS— THE
POISON IS ENTIRELY
UNKNOWN TO
OUR SCIENTISTS



BUT HOW DID THE
MONKEY KNOW WHEN
TO ATTACK? NONE
OF THE SERVANTS
WERE MOLESTED



I WAS COMING TO THAT—
YOU SEE THESE LITTLE
COLORED GLASSES? LOOK
AT MISS JANE'S BACK
THROUGH THEM—
WITHOUT THEM SHE
LOOKS PERFECTLY
NORMAL, BUT
THROUGH THE
GLASSES WHAT
DO YOU SEE?

LEMME GO, YOU—
I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT IT WAS FOR..



I WAS SURE SHE'D
EXPOSE HERSELF—
ALTHOUGH I DON'T THINK
SHE HAD ANY IDEA
WHAT THIS DUSTING OF
POWDER ON YOUR CLOTHES
WOULD LEAD TO— THE
POLICE UNDOUBTEDLY HAVE
CAPTURED THE GANG
BY NOW...

GOOD GRACIOUS
HER BACK IS
ALL COVERED
WITH REDDISH-
GOLD SPOTS!

EXACTLY—AND THAT
MONKEY WAS TRAINED
TO SHOOT A DART AT
ANYONE'S NECK WHO
HAD THAT COLOR ON
HIM— THIS POWDER
WAS DUSTED UPON ALL
YOUR CLOTHES BY SOME-
ONE WITHIN THIS HOUSE



BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE
TRY TO EXTERMINATE
OUR FAMILY...?



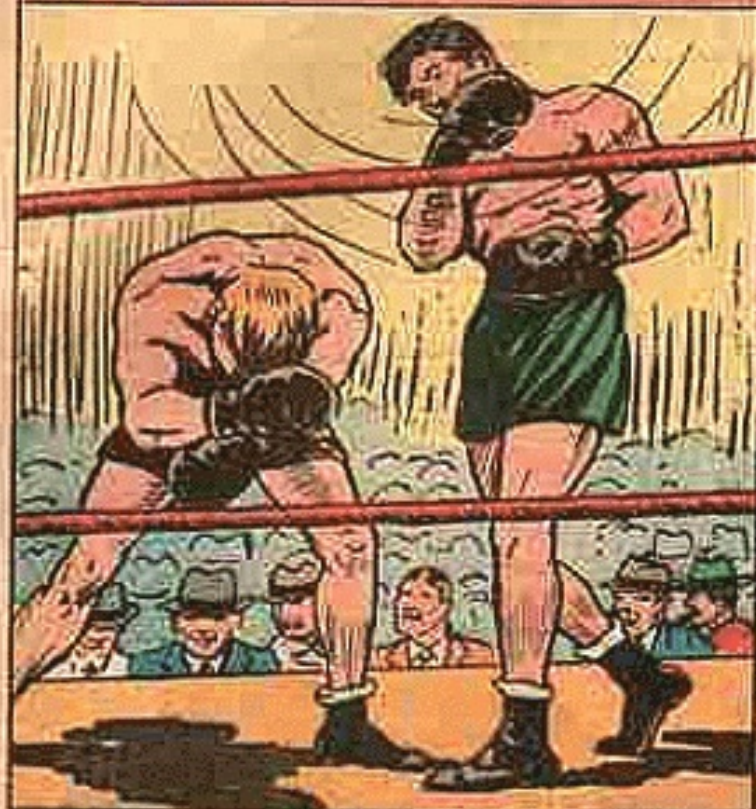
FORGIVE ME— I SO OFTEN
LEAVE THE MOST IMPORTANT
ITEM TILL THE LAST... THE ZELL
GANG HAS YOUR DEAD SON'S
FIRST COUSIN IN TOW... WHEN
YOU WERE ALL DISPOSED OF HE
WOULD FALL HEIR TO THE FAMILY
FORTUNE, AND THE GANG WOULD
EASILY GET HIM TO SIGN
EVERYTHING OVER TO THEM—
REALLY, ALL HE WANTS FROM
LIFE IS WHISKEY AND THAT
THEY WOULD HAVE ALWAYS
GIVEN HIM, JUST AS THEY
HAVE IN THE PAST...

DON'T FAIL
TO READ
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
SHADOW
COMICS,
AND HAVE
THE ONE AND
ONLY NICK
CARTER EXPLAIN
AND SOLVE
ANOTHER DEEP
MYSTERY FOR
YOU...

— AND SO ENDS THE MYSTERY OF ENDSTON MANOR

CLUE 1. STAR 1

THIS BOXER
LOST ONLY ONE
PROFESSIONAL FIGHT BEFORE HE WON
THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF
THE WORLD.

**CLUE 2. STAR 1**

HE HAD BRITTLE
HANDS AND
CURED THEM BY CHOPPING WOOD.
WHEN HE FOUGHT FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT
CROWN NOBODY GAVE HIM A CHANCE
AGAINST THE DEFENDING CHAMPION.

**CLUE 3. STAR 1**

HE RETIRED
FROM THE RING,
UNDEFEATED AND IS CONSIDERED ONE OF
THE MOST EDUCATED EX-HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPIONS. HIS INITIALS ARE G.T.

**CLUE 4. STAR 1**

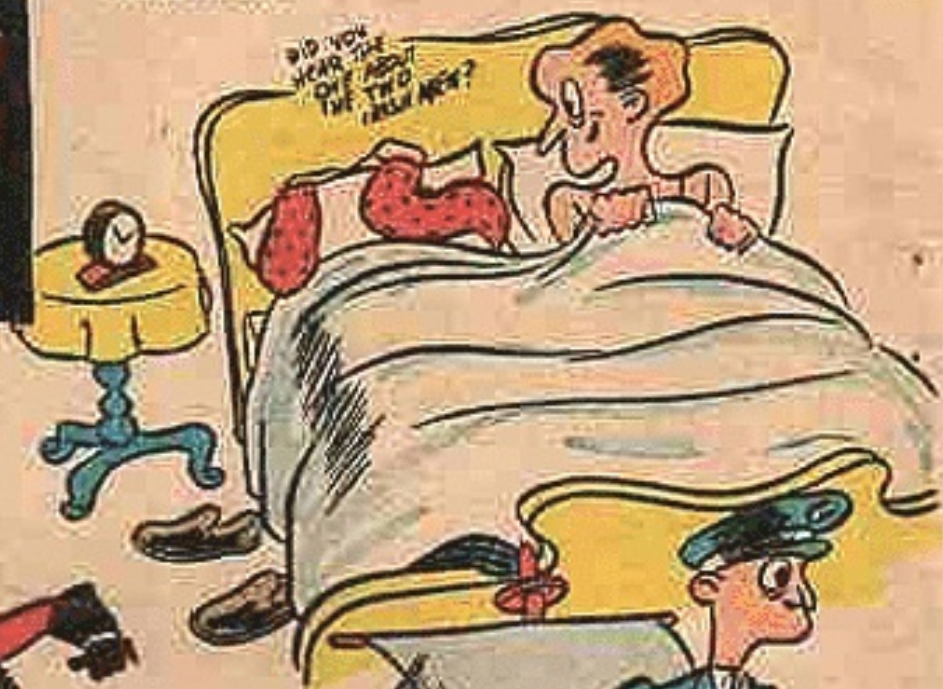
HIS FIRST
NAME IS
GENE AND, WHEN FIGHTING, HE WAS
CALLED THE PRIDE OF GREENWICH
VILLAGE OR THE FIGHTING MARINE.



THE ANSWER IS ON THE BACK INSIDE COVER

NEWS LAFFS

1 IN BROOKLYN, N.Y. A MAN ASKED FOR A DIVORCE BECAUSE HIS WIFE INSISTED ON TELLING HIM JOKES IN BED.



2 THE NAVY STICKING TO CHAMPAGNE HAS POLITELY REJECTED AN AMERICAN DISTILLERS SUGGESTION THAT IT CHRISTEN ITS FUTURE BATTLE SHIPS WITH BOTTLED ZOMBIES.



3 A MAN IN CHICAGO HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF SAILING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN A BATH TUB.



4 BURGLAR IN RHODE ISLAND BROUGHT THE WATCH DOG OF A HOUSE HE ROBBED A RUBBER GONE.



JOSHUA

by R. CREIGHTON BUCK

I bequeath to my nephew, Arthur Quincy Mackee, who, I am to understand, is teaching English at some school in Alabama, the balance of my estate on the proviso that he live for the remainder of his life in my house in Maine.

(Signed) Agatha Quincy.

So here he was, at the age of fifty-three, spending a cold winter north of the Mason-Dixon Line for the first time in ten years.

At the corner, Mackee stopped and peered through the flying snow at the sign.

ANTIQUES Isaac Laquedem, Prop.

The door slammed behind him, setting the little bell tinkling madly.

"Good morning, Mr. Mackee. It's about the clock that you've come?"

Proudly he pointed to a massive paneled box bearing a multitude of clock faces. Obviously a very old clock, for the carvings were worn and the markings on the dials were almost effaced.

Mackee bent forward to examine it more closely. In appearance it resembled the elaborate clocks built by the seventeenth or eighteenth-century artisans. Some of them, he remembered, made clocks that showed the day of the month as well as the time of day. Perhaps this was one of those. Cautiously he inquired the price.

"Well, for you it's cheap. Ninety-five dollars."

Mackee swallowed and pulled out his check-book. The habits of fifteen years on a teacher's pay were hard to break. He filled in the amount and gave it to the antique dealer with instructions for the delivery of the clock.

Surprisingly, the next morning was clear. By eleven o'clock the workmen had come and gone and he was admiring his new acquisition.

Closer examination convinced him that the clock was unusual in more ways than one. The carvings on the panels definitely did not date from the England or France of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. They resembled more the Turkish or Arabic inscriptions he'd seen on exhibit at the university. Odder yet was the string of characters that surmounted the central panel, above the three large clock faces. They were unmistakably old Hebrew!

Shrugging his shoulders, Mackee went to work to remove the layer of oily dust that clung to the surfaces. On the front panel, the three clock

dials were arranged in a triangle. The top one was marked into twelve divisions, probably indicating hours. At a rough guess, the ornate brass hands pointed to a few minutes before eight. The other two dials were divided into seven and thirteen sectors.

Carefully he finished wiping away the encrusted grime that had covered the front panel and turned his attention to the side panels. They were replete with oriental imagery. The only figures he recognized were ibis-headed Thoth and winged Asshur.

Mackee walked around the clock again and stepped back to admire it. Queer! It didn't look the same. His eyes narrowed as he tried to catch the annoying difference. His puzzled gaze fell on the top dial and he gasped. The hands now pointed to eight fifteen! The clock was still running! He bent over and placed his ear against the case. Not a sound. Perplexed, he tried to find a way of opening the clock. Nowhere could he find a single sign that the case was meant to be opened. This was queer! A mechanism that ran without a sound and with apparently no provision for rewinding! Sounded like perpetual motion. Well, that better wait until he could get some expert. He certainly was no mechanic.

Curious, Mackee pulled out his watch. Three minutes of twelve. The old clock was only about eight hours too fast. Might as well set it. He reached out, took hold of the long minute hand and tugged. With a protesting creak that sent shivers trotting along his spinal column, the hand moved. Slowly he forced it backward. The brass pointer responded sluggishly, as though it were moving in a viscid fluid. Perhaps he should've moved it forward to twelve instead of backward. Too late now. He found himself squinting at the dial in his efforts to see the markings. They seemed to be getting more and more difficult to distinguish. In sudden comprehension, he ran to the window. The sky had become overcast again. Overhead it was night black. Toward the east there was a faint lightness, almost, he thought, like the light of dawn.

The door to the museum swung open to admit the peering head of Hepzibah, the housekeeper.

"Your dinner's ready, professor. Mighty dark day, isn't it? Reminds me of the winter of '91. For two whole days you couldn't see the sun. Most everybody was snowed in. Mighty cold winter."

"Thanks, Hepzibah. I'll be right out."

Mackee glanced outside into the bewildering blackness, then switched on the radio.

"—teasy of the Blue Label Baking Powder Co. Ike and Mike will come to you tomorrow at the same time. This is James McLeish, speaking for Blue Label Baking Powder Co., and bidding you all a *schlurp!*"

"Special news flash! The Newfoundland Observatory has just released a bulletin on the strange darkness that has so suddenly covered a 'blackout' of almost the entire Western Hemisphere. Here is the bulletin: 'At 12:01 today the sun was observed to stop, reverse direction, and rapidly sink toward the eastern horizon, where it came to rest and resumed its normal motion. Three minutes later, at 12:04, the sun changed direction again and disappeared below the horizon. No explanation is as yet forthcoming.'"

"This station will keep you informed with up-to-the-minute flashes. We now return you to the scheduled program."

The subdued music of an orchestra filled the room. Mackee stood in the center of the rug as an expression of shocked dismay played fitfully across his face.

"It's incredible! Positively unbelievable!"

He ran his fingers through his stringy hair and then, with faltering steps, he returned to the clock. He hesitated for a moment, rubbed his unsteady hands together, and began to turn the hands of the clock forward. When they once more pointed to eight twenty he took a deep breath and slowly turned around.

The electric lights seemed pale in the warm sunlight that beat in through the windows!

His brain whirled with the implications of his discovery. He'd gone Edison one better! He changed day into night! But how did it work? A vague recollection of a legend he'd once read foamed to the surface of his mind for a moment and then was gone. His brow furrowed as he concentrated. The library at Cauldwell University. He'd been classifying a collection of books donated to the library. One rather dusty book—what was that title? Suddenly the fragments dropped into place. A page of printing drifted into focus.

Then did the Lord speak unto the craftsmen of Ophrah and command them to construct a great temple, and in this temple shall they place his gift, the icon of Chronos that was the ordering of the earth and the heavens. And they shall know that by this gift may they control the seasons, even unto the motion of the sun itself. And lo, the people did and they were amazed. Thus did the Lord God Jehovah overthrow the idolatrous priests of the sun worshippers.

Perhaps that had not been a figurative parable! Perhaps it had been literally true! Of course, the clock must've been actually made by some scientist-priest such as the great legendary Kinar, the craftsman. A thousand different plans

swirled through his brain. Edgar Perkins, fraternity brother, had been professor of physics at the university. Wire him to come up at once. He'll find out what makes it tick.

What might have happened if Agatha Quincy's house hadn't been drafty is hard to say. A prankish gust of icy wind whirled in a dervish dance and brushed lightly across the nose of Professor Mackee's moist nose. His long, bony nose wrinkled; he sniffed twice and then he sneezed! Not just once, but three separate and distinct sneezes. His face began to grow red, and the words he muttered might have shocked Hepzibah out of her respectability. For the first time in his life, Arthur Quincy Mackee had caught cold!

Visions of Alabama drifted through his mind. Alabama and cotton fields, and the sweet nostalgia of "Deep River" floating on the sultry air. Canna beds and hollyhocks. Warmth, summer. Summer!

He ran toward the clock and then checked himself. The hands had been difficult to move. In order to change winter into summer, he'd have to turn the hands around nearly three hundred times! Entirely too slow. There ought to be some way to work it. Electricity? That was it! He'd buy an electric motor!

Mackee ran to the hallway, pulled himself into his heaviest overcoat, yelled to Hepzibah to hold dinner, and started off down the street.

Next door, Miss Julia Parrish stared out of her window at the retreating figure of the usually sedate professor. Her curiosity aroused, she squashed her aquiline nose against the pane in order to see better. Suddenly the professor stopped and looked up at the sky. Julia followed his gaze but saw nothing. She shrugged her prim shoulders and turned back to her tating. Most men were pixilated, anyway.

In a way, it was a good thing that Julia Parrish was slightly deaf. Otherwise the loud clatter of thunder that followed might have startled her.

MAINE EVENING POST

Jan. 23—Professor Arthur Quincy Mackee died today as the result of being struck by lightning. The accident, called by the coroner an "act of God," occurred a few minutes after the strange phenomenon, the caused darkness over the whole Western Hemisphere for a period of some ten minutes today. Witnesses of the accident said that the sky was clear at the time the bolt struck. Professor Mackee moved to this city a year ago after resigning from the faculty of the University of Alabama. He was a nephew of the late Miss Agatha—

MAINE EVENING POST

Feb. 6—The antique collection of the late Professor Mackee was sold at auction today. The bulk of the collection was bought by an antique dealer in the city, Mr. Isaac Lequidern.

A quaint old clock was purchased by a Mr. L. G.



You AND THE SHADOW CAN MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS

*You can baffle your friends
with*
"THE SHADOW KNOWS"

IT'S A MYSTIFYING EXPERIMENT IN WHICH YOU DEMONSTRATE HOW THE SHADOW DISGUISES HIMSELF, HOW HE GOES INTO THE UNDERWORLD AND FINALLY HOW HE MAGICALLY TRACKS DOWN THE MAD KILLER.

ALL THE APPARATUS AND INSTRUCTIONS WILL BE SENT TO YOU... NOT FOR A QUARTER, NOT FOR A HALF DOLLAR, BUT

Absolutely Free!

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